THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XXI.

In this chapter I shall gladly take leave of myself; for the moment has arrived when I drop out of history of Ireland, and disappear.

In provoking this legal contest with the enemy, my calculation was that I should obtain over them an easy, signal, and most perilous victory—provided they did not pack the jury. But, if they should pack the jury, and snatch what they call a conviction by the usual methods of British government in Ireland, then I hoped the people were now too thoroughly roused to submit peaceably to such an outrage.

The matter of juries had always been a knotty one in Ireland, since the days of Edmund Spenser. The poet of the "Faery Queene," being himself an English "undertaker," and the grantee of forfeited estates, and being, therefore, the natural enemy of all Irishmen, in his famous "View of the State of Ireland," observes, through the mouth of *Irenæus:*

"Yet is the law of itself goode; and the first institution thereof being given to all Englishmen very rightfully; but now that the Irish have stepped into the very roomes of our English, wee are now to become heedful and provident in *iuryes.*"

In fact, the difficulty was, that with Irishmen on juries, the English Sovereign never could obtain a verdict, either on inquisition into forfeited estates, or on criminal trials. Spenser, of course, attributes this to a natural turn for perjury among the Irish:—"they make no conscience to perjure themselves in their verdicts, and damne their soules." Yet Sir John Davies, attorney-general of King James the First in Ireland, another very hostile authority, bears testimony to the [illegible] which prevailed in that island; "there being no nation under the sun that did love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or that would rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it were against themselves, so as they might have the protection and benefit of the law, when upon a just cause they did desire it."

These discrepancies are only to be explained by recollecting that the Irish never believed English "law" to be justice; but invariably found that "law" was at one side and justice at the other; which indeed they experience until this day. For some generations after Spenser's time, and during the whole period of the penal laws, the British government solved the difficulty by simply excluding Irish Catholics from juries. But Catholic Emancipation came; and liberal professions (especially from the Whigs) of a desire to administer law impartially. You have already had occasion to see how these professions were carried out on the trial of O'Connell. In the cases of O'Brien and Meagher, the crown officers had admitted one Irish Repealer on each jury, and failed.

It was manifest that the Whig theory would not work; and in my case it was resolved that there must be no risk even of possible failure. Yet the Whig ministers were extremely reluctant to part with their reputation for impartiality (which reputation, however, was false); and, accordingly, only two days before my "pretended trial," Lord John Russell, in answer to questions in the house of commons, declared that he had written to "his noble friend" (Lord Clarendon), that "he trusted there would not arise any charge of any kind of unfairness as to the composition of the juries; as, for his own part, he would rather see those parties acquitted, than that there should be any such unfairness."

Lord Clarendon, however, informed him that, for this once, he could not afford to adhere to the Whig maxims,—that a conviction must be had, *per fas aut nefas.* Not that the liberal and conciliatory Whigs would openly renounce their honest policy; on the contrary, they would pursue it more steadfastly than ever; but I must be out of the way first. His lordship counselled his colleagues in this matter, as Ulysses counselled Neoptolemus, when the business was to procure the arms from Philoctetes under false pretences:

"I know, indeed, that it is not your natural disposition
To speak falsely, or to contrive injustice;
But—it is sweet to be the winner—
Do it this once, and afterwards we will be honest."

During the two weeks that I awaited my trial, it became well known that the "Government" would pack my jury most carefully; and our Dublin Confederate clubs were becoming violently excited. The boldest of them were for making an attack on Newgate prison; letting the struggle commence there and then; cutting the gas-pipes on some dark night; precipitating the clubs on Castle, barracks and prisons; and either clearing out our metropolis of the English enemy, or perishing amid its ruins and cinders. This was the right counsel. I thought so then; and, after many years, I deliberately think so still. The English government had procured an "Act of Parliament" avowedly to make it felony to say what nine-tenths of our people thought and felt; and was now about to shut out those nine-tenths of our people from the exercise of the common civic office of jurors, to crush one man (no matter what man) under a notoriously false pretense. When I say false pretense, it is not that I deny the matter charged to me, but that I deny having ever been tried at all. The false pretense was the "trial."

The attorney-general resolved that the trial should take place at the regular Commission Court, or city assizes; and that the jury should not be a special, but a common one. On the striking of special juries, he had discovered that I was fully able to expose, at least, if not defeat, the secret machinations of the crown officer; so I was to be arraigned before a common jury of Dublin citizens, selected by the sheriff to serve on the pending commission.

The juror's book, containing a list of all the qualified householders of Dublin, whose property entitled them to serve as jurors, had 4,570 names, of whom 3,000 were Catholics. Before my arrest, the sheriff had designated 150 of these jurors, and summoned them to attend on the commission; but after my arrest, the sheriff, knowing that important business was to be done—and being, as I have before explained, a creature of the crown,—altered that panel of 150 names, removed from it most of the Catholic names, and filled their places not only with Protestants (that would not suffice), but with Orangemen, Englishmen, tradesmen to the lord lieutenant, in short, with people who were well known to be ready "to do the queen's business," as that sort of transaction is called in Ireland. But it was not enough to pack the panel,—the jury was next to be carefully packed out of that panel; a thing which was easy enough, because the "Crown" in Ireland exercises the power of unlimited challenge, in making up common juries.

Matters being thus prepared, on the 25th of May, I was brought up from Newgate prison, by an underground passage, into the court house on Green street. Outside, the streets were occupied by troops; and but few of my friends could gain admittance as spectators.

The imagination of every reader must help me out here. Let any high-spirited Irishman try to conceive himself in my place, on that day; confronting that coarse mimicry of law and justice; on the brink of a fate worse than a thousand deaths; stationed in a dock between two thieves, for having dared to aspire to the privilege of freedom and manhood for myself and for my children; with all the horrible sufferings and high aspirations of my country crowding on memory and imagination, and the moan of our perishing nation seeming to penetrate even there, and to load the air I breathed; beholding the [illegible] ancient nationhood brought to be decided, not, as I had hoped, by the proud array of our people in the field, but by the ignominious parchments of a dastard lawyer and the packed jury of a perjured sheriff. Scorn almost overcame indignation, as I saw the exquisitely elaborated preparations of the enemy; and I felt that I would respect Lord Clarendon far more if he had hired one of his detectives to stab me in the dark. That would have been a crime; but surely not so vile and hideous a crime as this prostitution of the courts and the name and forms of justice.

The trial proceeded. The leading counsel for the defense was old Robert Holmes,—the brother-in-law of Robert Emmet,—the most eminent barrister in Ireland,—who had always refused the honor of a silk gown, and all other honors and promotions, at the hands of a government which he believed to be the mortal enemy of his country. Of course, he challenged the array of jurors on the ground of fraud; but the attorney-general's brother, Stephen Monahan, clerk in the attorney-general's office, and also one Wheeler, clerk in the sheriff's office, had been carefully sent out of the city to a distant part of Ireland; and Baron Lefroy was most happy to avail himself of the defect of evidence to give his opinion that the panel was a good and honest panel. The crown used its privilege of peremptory challenge to the very uttermost; every Catholic, and most Protestants, who answered to their names, were ordered to "stand by." There were thirty-nine challenges; nineteen Catholics,—all the Catholics who answered to their names were peremptorily set aside, and twenty other gentlemen, who, though Protestants, were suspected of some national feeling, were also set aside,—that is to say, the crown dared not go to trial with me before the people, Catholic or Protestant. The twelve men finally obtained by the sifting process had among them two or three Englishmen; the rest were faithful slaves of the Castle; and all Protestants of the most Orange dye.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

The Innisfail Dramatic Club.

The Innisfail Dramatic Club held an important meeting on last Monday afternoon at Hilmes' hall, Hinman and Wood street, at which took place the annual election of officers, and the presentation of the reports for the last year, all of which were most satisfactory and showed the club to be in a prosperous condition. The report of the president reviewed the work and progress of the club since its organization in 1891, giving a detailed account of the seven entertainments which it had undertaken during the past year. The report also showed that during that time an orchestra of the same name had been added to the club, and appropriate costumes purchased. Several new names were added to the membership roll. The report concluded by wishing the members a happy new year, and hoping that 1893 would bring as much success to the club as the one to which they had just bade adieu. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Edward Quinn; stage manager, Richard Quinn; recording secretary, Miss Annie Quinn; financial secretary, John Rochford; treasurer, P. J. Tierney; propertyman, Ed. Walsh; sergeant-at-arms, William J. Murray; musical director, Miss Nellie Foley; orchestra leader, M. J. O'Neill. The club is prepared to furnish dramatic entertainments on short notice to divisions, lodges, societies and churches, at very reasonable terms. For particulars address E. Quinn, No. 873 S. Ashland avenue.

LITERARY.

Whittier on Carlyle.

Many of Whittier's essays ring and burn with the indignation and the sarcasm which made him upon occasion in the slavery days so powerful a pamphleteer. Most burning of all is the review of Carlyle's brutal "Discourse on the Negro Question," written in 1846. Carlyle had argued that the blacks had no right to use the islands of the West Indies for themselves, because but for the wisdom and skill of the whites the islands and the natives would never have been improved. "Black Quashee" had no right to himself and his labor, because he owed his partial civilization to others! "And pray how has it been with the white race," retorts our Quaker, fiercely, "for whom our philosopher claims the divine prerogative of enslaving? Some twenty and odd centuries ago, a pair of half-naked savages, daubed with paint, might have been seen roaming among the hills and woods of the northern part of the British island, subsisting on acorns and the flesh of wild animals, with an occasional relish of smoked hams and pickled fingers of some unfortunate stranger caught on the wrong side of the Tweed. This interesting couple reared, as they best could, a family of children, who in turn became the heads of families; and sometime about the beginning of the present century one of their descendants in the burough of Ecclefechan, rejoiced over the birth of a man-child now somewhat famous as Thomas Carlyle, a maker of books. Does it become such a one to rave against the West Indian negro's incapacity for self-civilization? Unaided by the arts, sciences and refinements of the Romans, he might have been, at this very day, squatted on his haunches in the woods of Ecclefechan, painting his weather-hardened epidermis in the sun like his Pict ancestors."—*From New England Magazine for January.*

"Satan in Arms."

[To the Editor:]

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—I have received the copy of J. S. Hyland & Co's. last publication entitled "Satan In Arms Against Columbus," by Theodore Sydney Vaughn. I have read it with great interest and certainly with profit. I consider it a great production of poetic genius. The scheme of the poem is admirable. Columbus dreaming, in the words of the poet, "such dreams as no one e'er had dreamt before," of lands unknown, his unswerving faith in his project, the fiends furious to frustrate his plans, the scenes and councils in hell over which proud Satan and Beelzebub preside, their anxiety, their anger, their plots, and, resplendent above all appears the majesty and strength of heaven, at critical moments, crushing arrogant Beelzebub and all his hellish schemes—all of this clothed in the language of classic poetry creates in the mind an impression which is really sublime. The poet's description of Queen Isabella giving her jewels to aid Columbus, is striking:

"A lily that, once bent
With dew, hath shaken off the glist'ning drops,
And raises high its brow immaculate."

The picture of Beelzebub before the gates of hell would be worthy of the genius of the author of "Paradise Lost:"

"Before its dull, dark pond'rous gates he stood,
Until, in answer to his summons stern,
Some giant demon sprung the locks and swung
Ajar the gates. Forth rolled a mighty cloud
Of mist like smoke, through which the fires of hell
Like lightnings on a foggy morn, gleamed dull;
And, heedless of the vapors gray, the heat,
The howls and cries of souls despairing, lost,
Eternal—greeting blasphemous of him
Who op'ed the grating gates—Beelzebub
With loud resounding tread and knotted brow
And lip updrawn that spoke a wounded pride,
In stalked to seek advice and counsel from
The wary chief of all unhappy hell."

When I read this it recalled to my mind the passage in "Paradise Lost," where Milton describes the overthrow of Satan:

"Him the almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, in the fiery gulf
Confounded, though immortal."

"Satan In Arms Against Columbus" is an excellent poem, and will certainly suffer nothing in its circulation from the publisher's business tact and enterprising character.

RICHARD W. WOLFE.

When the scalp is atrophied, or shiny-bald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

AUGHRIM AND ST. RUTH.

A Resume of the Famous Old Play Which Tells of the Last Great Military Struggle, in a Regular Sense, of Ireland Against England.

Traditions and Facts Connected With the Tragical Story of the Irish Waterloo.

[For The Citizen.]

There are few Irishmen, of old or middle age, who have not read, or heard repeated, all, or a portion, of that old anonymous play, by some writers ascribed—erroneously we think—to David Garrick, the great English actor, entitled "The Battle of Aughrim or the Fall of Monsieur St. Ruth." The author, whoever he was, showed the strong prejudices of a Williamite in his production, but, unlike most of his class, he admits the valor displayed by the Irish army in that sanguinary engagement, although he overestimates their numbers and their losses while he underestimates those of the English and their allies, as is usual with all British or anti-Irish writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Those prejudiced scribes found imitators in this century in the alleged histories of Macaulay and Froude, who, having never heard a shot fired in anger, are great soldiers on paper, and re-echo the falsehoods of Bishop Burnet, who, like them, was a stay-at-home commentator, and never had the nerve to go to "the front," although he had had abundant opportunity during the reign of his master, William III. Chaplain Storey, who accompanied William and Ginkle throughout their Irish campaigns, was little better than Burnet, and it is only from the fighting men of the Anglo-Dutch army, such as Captain Parker, that the truth can be ascertained. This truth has been carefully suppressed, for obvious reasons, by British political historians, who, true to the infamous policy of their country, conspire at all times to destroy the reputation, as well as the liberty, of the hapless people they conquer. Thus, during the American Revolutionary war, British writers constantly disparaged the courage of the patriot armies, and had not the arms of Washington, aided by those of France, finally triumphed, the English would have attributed the failure of the war for independence to American pusillanimity, just as they attributed the defeat of Ireland in the Williamite war to want of martial courage in the gallant Irish army. It was not until that exiled army fought before the eyes of embattled Europe at Marsaglia, Cremona, Cassano, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Almanza, Blenheim, Laffeldt and Fontenoy that the English historical liars were discredited and the Irish Brigades took the first rank in the military annals of that age.

THE CITIZEN hates the English nation much more for its falsehoods than for its cruelties. The latter were common to nearly all nations until within one hundred and fifty years; but England remained a bloody butcher down to the end of the last century, as was illustrated by her massacres in the Highlands of Scotland in 1746, and in the revolted Irish counties in 1798. In both periods she was guilty of very nearly the same cruelties that distinguished the Sioux and Cheyennes in their latest wars, and that still disgrace the Apache raiders on our Southwestern frontiers. As an historical liar she has no rival either in the past or the present, and we wish her joy of her reputation.

But to return to the "Battle of Aughrim." The play, although crude in conception and often barbarous in composition, had many strong points which, in spite of its bigoted bias, recommended it to the imaginative Irish. We have not space to quote at great length, but a few extracts may not prove uninteresting. The first scene opens in the Irish camp on the heights overlooking Athlone, on the Connacht side of the river Shannon, and reveals the Marquis de St. Ruth, lieutenant-general; Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, and Col. Gordon O'Neill sitting in council. St. Ruth opens the discussion and all rise and come forward. The Frenchman says:

"Secure, brave Sarsfield, in our camp we lie
And from our lines the British force defy;
Tho' in their cause both Dutch and Danes do join
To boast their dear bought conquest of the Boyne.
From yonder hill, my lord, I can survey
Some great rejoicing in their camp today,
For in the air I can behold afar
Their ensigns waving in the pomp of war,
Their cannon firing, and a smoke arise,
And with their acclamations reach the skies.
Believe me, sir, those Whiggish winds do bring
Some lying packet from the Orange king:
The vicious allies do some fort invest,
Or else their fleet has cannonaded Brest:
But let their arms in Flanders so proceed,
By us the famed Hibernia shall be freed;
Our *fleur de lis* and harp we will display
To fright those wolves and lions' cubs away;
Those non-contemners(?) that pollute our soil
And grow both fat and wanton with our spoil;
For which Great Lewis, anxious of the land,
Hath sent me here your army to command."

To which Sarsfield thus responds:

"We stand indebted to the Christian king.
Next, sir, to you who do those succors bring.
Long may you live in martial pomp to wield
A hero's sword, the truncheon or the shield:
You see our king and *race* of priests are sent,
With all their relics, into banishment.
Our state is sunk and now on every side
The Pope and triple crown are both denied:
Our foe the Metropolitan commands.
And all the power is wrested from our hands.
No garrison we hold to call our own
But Limerick, Galway, and stout Athlone,
Which you, my lord, have seen, from yonder ground,
With British forces quite beleaguered 'round." * *

Then Gordon O'Neill chimes in urging them to, "like Great Cato, smile at persecution," and St. Ruth compliments him in classic terms, showing great knowledge, considering that he is a foreigner and a stranger, of the Colonel's pedigree. Sarsfield fires up to the occasion and says:

"When that day comes, which I most wish to see,
We'll strip the branches from their Orange tree,
Lop down *his* boughs, while this true Irish hand
Snall scourge those English vipers off the land." * *

St. Ruth interrupts Lord Lucan, exclaiming:

"Hark! a post arrives who does some message bear."

The "Post" enters and says:

"With important news I from Athlone am sent,
Be pleased to show me to the General's tent."

Sarsfield replies:

"Behold the General there, your message tell."

Urged further by St. Ruth, and after some preliminary flourishes, the Post says:

"Athlone is lost without your timely aid,
At six this morning an assault was made,
When, under shelter of the British cannon,
Their grenadiers in armor took the Shannon." * *

St. Ruth, amazed, exclaims:

"Dare all the force of England be so bold,
T' attempt to storm so brave a town while I,
With all Hibernia's sons of war, am nigh?
Return, and if the Britons dare pursue,
Tell them St. Ruth is near and that will do!"

The "Post," evidently a plain, practical person, rejoins:

"Your aid would do much better than your name."

But St. Ruth waves him off saying:

"Bear back this answer, friend, to whence you came."

Then Sarsfield gets his "Irish" up, and he and St. Ruth exchange unparliamentary language; Col. Talbot confirms the loss of the town. Gen. Dorrington joins the group and says:

"Misfortune, death and horror, O, the grief!
Athlone is lost and now is past relief."

St. Ruth, aroused to a sense of danger at last, gives orders thus:

"Then loiter not but sound to arms on sight,
Decamp and march to Milton pass to-night,
And in good order all to Aughrim fly,
For there's the spot on which I choose to die,
Or by the dint of sword my fortune try."

Then Sarsfield, left alone with St. Ruth, loses his temper and shouts:

"Oh, Heavens! Athlone is lost, that lovely seat,
The pride of empire and the throne of state!
Thy sons are slaughtered and thy walls betrayed,
Because that traitor did not send thee aid;
But I'll avenge the wrong, and he shall fall—
The crime is great, tho' the revenge is small. (*draws.*)
Come draw and let your sword afford your head relief."

St. Ruth—"Consider, Sarsfield, I am here your chief—
Your country's ruin would attend our strife."

Sarsfield—"No thought but that would save your worthless life;
That binds my sword, or by the Lord I swear
I'd send your soul to wallow in despair."

St. Ruth—"You'd send my soul! there I conjure you hold,
For know, proud traitor, you are now too bold.
Detested from my camp you shall be driven,
Without the hope of finding aid from heaven.

Sarsfield—"You dare not drive me, nor I won't obey,
Yet know, cursed mongrel, here I will not stay:
I'll quit your camp and then you'll surely find
There's not an Irish soul will stay behind." * *

After some more declamation, S[illegible] leaves the tent, and St. Ruth in sorrow, says:

"Insulted and abandoned, O ye gods.
Did ever man meet such unequal odds?
Sent by the king to save a stubborn crew
Who, with perdition, would my life persue." * *

He then relates his woes to Dorrington, Talbot and O'Neill, and begs them, for the sake of the cause, to bring Sarsfield back.

This part of the play follows the popular tradition of the quarrel pretty closely. Sarsfield appears to have been the aggressor. Mr. O'Callaghan, in his "Green Book," says that St. Ruth was not to blame so much for the capture of Athlone. He had ordered his second in command, General D'Usson, to level the works between the Irish lines and the river, on the Roscommon side, so as to give the English no chance to effect a lodgment, and D'Usson was partaking of breakfast a mile from his post when the successful assault was made. Had St. Ruth survived Aughrim, D'Usson would have been courtmartialed, and, probably, disgraced for his criminal carelessness. It is on him, therefore, and not upon the brave and unfortunate St. Ruth, that the blame should be thrown. There is a tradition among the peasantry of Roscommon and Galway that Sarsfield never rejoined St. Ruth after the quarrel before Athlone, which undoubtedly took place; that he, with all his cavalry, retired into Clare or Limerick, but that, repenting, he returned to rejoin the army he had abandoned and only reached the rear of the battlefield of Aughrim, near Kilconnell abbey, at 8 o'clock on the evening of the fight, when St. Ruth was already dead, and the Irish troops in full retreat. He charged the victorious cavalry of Talmash and Ruvigny, checked it, and gave time for the remnant of the Irish infantry to escape toward Limerick. The same tradition says that he wept bitterly, repenting his rashness, and was never again the same man. St. Ruth deserved a better fate than he met with. He was, undoubtedly, the victim of a combination of untoward circumstances, and owed his fall, and the defeat of Aughrim, to the disobedience of D'Usson, the hot temper of Sarsfield and the dastardly treason of Brigadier Henry Luttrell, who, by a premeditatedly false movement, exposed his left flank, and gave the English right wing a chance to pass the narrow causeway at Aughrim castle.

Our playright, however, who lived close to the time of action, makes Sarsfield present at the battle. After a vehement love passage, mingled with song, between Jemima Talbot, daughter of the colonel of that name, and Sir Charles Godfrey, a deserter, for her sake, from the English army, St. Ruth, Dorrington and O'Neill appear in the Irish camp at 5 o'clock in the morning; St. Ruth exclaims to his companions:

"Is Sarsfield then returned? O bless the day!
Draw out our troops to line the hero's way;
Amid our shouts in triumph shall he come,
Like great Emilius when he entered Rome
In pomp, bedewed with Macedonian tears."

Dorrington—"Behold, my lord, Sarsfield the brave appears!"

St. Ruth—"Now stand, distraction! here the conquest ends, (*embracing*).
Thrice welcome to my heart, thou best of friends,
The rock on which our holy faith depends!
May this our meeting, as a tempest, make
The vast foundations of Britannia shake!
Tear up their Orange plant, and overwhelm
The strongest bulwarks of the British realm!
Then shall the Dutch and Hanoverian fall,
And James shall ride in triumph to Whitehall.
Then, to protect our faith, he will maintain
An inquisition here, like that in Spain."

It will be observed how cunningly our Anglo-Orange playwright brings in "the inquisition" for effect on Protestant opinion.

Sarsfield hastens to make answer:

"Most bravely urged, my lord, your skill I own,
Would be unparalleled had you saved Athlone."

St. Ruth—"Probe not those wounds anew, lest they create
Some fresh commotions to draw on our fate.
But, rather, let us some example show,
And issue forth on the imperious foe,
Who now come on like swelling waves that roar
To dash on rocks and break against the shore." * * *

Dorrington—"Then fear them not, while here we lie secure,
As ever Guiscard lay in great Namur.
You see, my lords, our camp on every side
Is both by art and nature fortified:
For situation, not a spot of ground
Like this in all Hibernia can be found."

Then comes an alarm. Col. Talbot enters hastily to say that the English are in sight. St. Ruth sends him to command at the threatened point. He goes at once, and encountering Sir Albert Cunningham's dragoons, is slain, but they are repulsed. Sarsfield pronounces an eulogium on Talbot and [illegible]

"Then fly to arms, and for his sake who died,
Pursue and charge the foe on every side."

St. Ruth—"Delay not, but sound to arms with speed,
And for his sake let [illegible] bleed
Vengeance and [illegible]
Athlone [illegible]

To be continued.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER VII.

"You'd search from the gray rocks of Cashe
each side to the blue ocean's rim
Through green dale, and hamlet, and city, but
you'd ne'er find a horseman like him;
With his foot as if grown to the stirrup, his knee
with its rooted hold ta'en,
With his seat in the saddle so graceful, and his
sure hand so light on the rein."

The winter came drearily on. The bitter, frost-laden wind howled over the plains of North Leinster, and the celebrated beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater were lost under a dreary winding sheet of snow. A melancholy Christmas came and went, and a succession of violent snow storms ushered in the new year. The men of the insurgent army before the walls of Drogheda huddled closer for warmth around their flaring watch-fires during the long night vigil, and longed for a termination of the weary siege and blockade.

For still the cannon of Drogheda bellowed daily defiance to the efforts of Sir Phelim O'Neill and his 4,000 besiegers. Morning after morning there was a scraping away of snow, and a delving of grave-pits for the bodies of the victims of the preceding day's skirmish. Morning after morning the Irish looked anxiously for the arrival of their expected reinforcements, or for the appearance of the white flag of surrender on the walls of the beleaguered town—in both cases they were disappointed.

Two months had passed and Edmund O'Tracy was still serving in the besieging army. He had acquired the sum total of the drill and discipline of a cavalier of the period, and was as much at home in the saddle as any of his companion horsemen.

Since his hand-to-hand struggle with his enemy on the bridge of Gillianstown he had not been engaged in actual combat save once. That once was when he made one of the forlorn hope against the walls of Drogheda, scrambled in by the scaling ladders, and, after about half an hour's fight, was hurled back again over the battlements in the confusion of retreat, escaping almost by a miracle from the bullets of Tichborne's trained musketeers.

Arduous and fatiguing as his duty sometimes was, his life, as compared with that of others, was an easy one. His friend, Gen. Plunket, had attached him to his staff, so that his residence was generally within the historic walls of Mellifont Abbey, the captured seat of Lord Moore, and now the headquarters of the insurgent generals.

It was in this ancient and venerable edifice, which the piety of Prince Donogh O'Carroll founded long ere the foot of a Saxon or Norman invader pressed the green soil of Innisfail, and from whose arched doorway the gallant Hugh of Tyrone went forth on the first step of his mournful exile, that Edmund was stationed when he received the glad news that he was to return forthwith to Breffny.

He was walking thoughtfully to and fro in the chapel of the monastery, admiring the fine eastern window and the imposing array of the statues of the twelve Apostles—statues which tradition states a later owner of Mellifont had the taste to clothe in the scarlet uniform of British grenadiers, placing them as ornaments in his hall—when he was informed that the general required his presence.

Gen. Plunket, surrounded by a group of officers, stood on the lawny space in front of the building.

"A pleasant morning to you, my lad," said he to O'Tracy; "I have glorious tidings for you. I am just going to send you back to Leitrim, for I know you've got quite a surfeit of soldiering for the time being;—nay, nay, my young friend, you needn't deny it, for I know your thoughts this minute: you are jubilant at the idea of seeing your Breffny hills so soon—Quilca and Benbo, and the rest of them, eh?"

Ere the young man could reply, the General turned to another party with the words:

"Here, O'Reilly, is a companion for you on your journey."

O'Tracy could not repress a thrill of admiration at sight of the personage to whom these words were addressed.

Standing beside a large and powerful black horse was a man of considerably more than six feet in stature, and of huge and stalwart, yet most symmetrical frame He was dressed in cavalier costume, his broad, swelling chest being encased in a polished steel corslet, crossed by an embroidered sword-belt, while the parti-colored plumes of his hat fell on his ...ders, mingling with the rich pro... dark hair. One gloved hand ... the saddle, hold... on the hung

countenance. His features were well cut and strikingly handsome, an expression of energy and resolution mingling with a lingering one of mirth and good humor, and were lighted up by a wondrous pair of eyes of Irish blue—eyes whose sparkle in mirth and in anger differed as much as the sunlight and lightning on the water.

This magnificent giant was destined to play an exciting part in the stormy affairs now impending. The soul of honor and of valor, the Ajax of the Irish army, the first horseman in Ulster—perhaps in Ireland—and the idol of the Irish cavalry—such was Maelmora O'Reilly of Cavan, better known by his sobriquet of Miles the Slasher.

"The youth is both good and brave," remarked Plunket, in an undertone, to this admirable Colossus, who was intently surveying Edmund; "'twas I myself who brought him from Leitrim. I've had a message of inquiry this very morning as to this young fellow's welfare, so I wish to send him home unscathed. He is too likely a lad to leave his bones in a nameless grave in this luckless neighborhood, as has been the case with too many of our poor fellows."

"A foster-son of Owen O'Rourke, of Dromahaire," continued the General, introducing our hero; "'twere hard if you know not the goodly gentleman."

"*A dalta* (foster-son) of my gossip Owen," exclaimed the gigantic cavalier. "Your hand, ma bouchal!"

He seized O'Tracy's hand, and shook it warmly. That iron grip seemed to the latter to dislocate all the bones of his hand; it made the muscles of his arm tingle right up to the shoulder.

"Your name, avic?"

"Edmund O'Tracy, captain."

"Emon Ui-Treasaigh—a fine old Irish name. Your clan is plenty in our parts—ay, plenty as hazelnuts in harvest—but poor as the baccaghs of Lough Derg—and more's the pity, say I. Well, there's a good time at hand, and the old blood must have its own. Are you ready for the road, avic?"

"Immediately, Captain."

"Not captain, but colonel—Col. Miles O'Reilly, of the Cavan Horse, at your service. The Clan Raghallaigh might feel angry if I were robbed of my title."

And with a light-hearted laugh the giant vaulted gracefully into his saddle.

Edmund O'Tracy's preparations for his journey were soon made. When he was mounted and ready to start, he perceived that a detachment of about a score of cavalry, well mounted and armed, was drawn up, awaiting to accompany Miles the Slasher.

"Slan leat, General," said the latter, extending his hand to Plunket; "I will be very happy in a few day's time to hear that you've taken in yonder unlucky town—a malison on it!"

By "take in" the speaker, in the military parlance of the times, meant capture. There was a suspicion of stifled sarcasm in O'Reilly's voice. The General smiled, shook his head significantly, and said something in a fierce whisper—something which had the shape of an imprecation.

The Slasher gave the word of command, and the cavalcade started.

On the road to Ardee they met no less a personage than Rory O'Moore himself, accompanied by a few dragoons. The Organizer was now in command of about 2,000 cavalry in that neighborhood. He looked haggard and downcast. After saluting both Miles O'Reilly and our hero, he remarked to the former:

"Of course you know what your present mission points to?"

"All I know is that I am commanded to see our prisoner, Lord Caulfield of Charlemont, escorted safely to Cloughoughter castle, and that my journey home is about doubled on that account."

"Do you not see, Colonel, that it is the dread of impending defeat that makes us remove our prisoners to safer quarters? Our effort against Drogheda will fail—and why? It is not the fault of Sir Phelim, who, if he be an unskilled commander, is still a brave and determined soldier. It is treachery among our own clergy—among our own bishops."

O'Moore alluded to the Palesman prelate, Thomas Dease, Bishop of Meath, who by his influence had prevented supplies and reinforcements from reaching the Irish army. The Irish leaders' forebodings were too true: another month saw the Irish army retreating northwards, heartless and dismayed., before a superior force.

The Slasher and his detachment rode on.

It was by a very circuitous route the squadron was to reach Leitrim. Miles O'Reilly's orders, as appear above, were to escort Lord Caulfield, the former commandant of the Charlemont Fort, from that place to a more secure place of detention in Cloughoughter, in Cavan. Nothing of interest occurred on the road to Charlemont. The towns they passed through—Carrickmacross, Castleblayney and Armagh—were held by the Irish, foraging parties of whom they met with and greeted several times; and now and then they passed by large straggling herds of captured cattle, the spoil wrested by the insurgents from their natural enemies, the Undertakers. Once they encountered a large party of Protestant settlers, with their wives and children, who were being conducted towards Dublin under an Irish escort.

On the second morning after their arrival in Charlemont, preparations were made for the journey to Cavan. The garrison town of Charlemont was in a state of great confusion. The armed Ulstermen who occupied it were for the greater part those who had heretofore suffered most from the tyranny and persecution of the Undertakers. They were of a most impulsive and excitable temperament, and now that they had got the upper hand of their enemies they were bordering almost on a state of insubordination in their hatred of the Scotch and English settlers. The infamous penal laws which for the preceding half century had laid a price on the head of Catholic priest and bishop, were now turned back with a vengeance on their tyrant and impolitic originators. Deprived in a great measure of the wholesome curb and influence of their religion, the armed multitudes of the lower order of Irish, wild with success, and thirsting for vengeance for their wrongs, had but their own human hearts as a check on their excesses—except, of course, when their rough discipline bade them listen to the voice of their leaders.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Ghlac an sagart iad agus dhiol sé iad, agus thug sé an t-airgiod di féin, agus dubhairt si go raibh si réidh le h-imtheacht.

D'fhág si slán agus beannacht leis an t-sagart agus le Goillis agus d'imthig si. Ni raibh si a bhfad imthighthe nuair thainig an oiread sin de bhrón agus de lionndubh air Ghoillis go raibh fhios aige nach mbéidheadh sé a bhfad beo muna raibh sé anaice leithe, agus lean sé i.

Rug sé uirri an trathnóna ceudna agus ni thig liom ródh cia aca air a raibh an láthghaire bndh mhó, air Ghoillis no air an óg-mhnaoi nuair chonnaire siad a chéile.

Dubhairt si le Goillis go gcaithfeadh sé dul a bhaile aris, acht thug Goillis a mhlonna nach rachadh go bráth no go bhfeicfeadh sé slán air ais annsa' mbaile i. "Acht," ar sise, "ni thig liom do thabhairt a bhaile liom, creud déarfas na daoine? bhéidheadh náire orm."

"O, cuirúdh me culaidh searbhfóghanta orm," ar Goillis, "agus béidh me mo shearbhfóghanta dhuit-se, no go d-téidh tu a bhaile le congnamh Dé, agus tá súil agam nach ndiúltóchaidh tu mo sheirbhis."

Rinne sé sin, agus an cheud baile-mór ann a dtáinig siad, do cheannaigh sé culaidh searbhfóghanta dhó féin, agus gach rud d'iarrfadh a mháighistreás air, do gnidheadh sé é, agus gach lóistin do ghlac siad, choideoladh seisean annsan tseomra do b'fhoigse d'á rúma-san, acht nuair bhidheadh siad ag siúbhal, shiúbhail seisean le na taoibh, agus ghiorraigh siad an bealach ag comhrádh le chéile, mar nach raibh aon cathadh-aimsire eile aca.

Bhi siad mar sin le tamall fada, no go dtainig siad go tir fhiadháin nach raibh mórán tighthe ann, agus theip a lón orra.

Ni raibh faitchios air bith air an óg-mhnaoi acht shaoil si go raibh si sábháilta, agus luidh si sios i lár coille móire, agus chuir si d'fiachaibh air Ghoillis a fágbháil ann sin agus dul ag iarraidh bidh ann áit éigin, mar do bhi ocaras air an mbeirt aca. Rinne Goillis gach rud d' fheud sé dheunamh le cur i-gcéilli di go raibh si i náit dhainseuraigh, agus nach raibh sé ceart é d'á fágbháil léithe féin, agus dubhairt sé go bhfanfadh sé 'nna láthair, no go mbéidheadh si sásta le sgith agus le codladh, agus go rachadh siad le chéile ann sin ag iarraidh bidh, no rud éigin le n-ithe.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

LITERARY.

When We Get Round the Fire at Night.

When we get round the fire at night,
We three, while grandma knits and knits,
The big weed fire's our only light—
The corner's dark where grandma sits,
But then her needles gleam and click,
And then we hear the great clock tick
Louder than when the sun shines bright.

And my! but grandma tells us tales,
You ought to hear her!—about a boat
That came one night—it had no sails,
Nor anything—right in our bay!
And there's another 'bout the day
Gran'father lost his wedding coat!

And Joey, when he keeps awake,
Is always asking her to tell
About the wolves that tried to break
Into the old school-house one time,
And then the Dominie had to climb
'Way up outside and ring the bell!

But when the other tales are done,
Then it is Cicely's great delight
To hear about the little son
Who went to sea.—We always say
It's better 'n any time o' day,
When we get round the fire at night!

—*Virginia Woodward Cloud, in January St. Nicholas.*

Mark Twain on Precedence in London Society.

Englishmen always eat dinner before they go out to dinner, because *they* know the risks they are running; but nobody ever warns the stranger, and so he walks placidly into the trap. Of course nobody was hurt this time, because we had all been to dinner, none of us being novices except Hastings, and he having been informed by the minister at the time that he invited him that in deference to the English custom he had not provided any dinner. Everybody took a lady and processioned down to the dining-room, because it is usual to go through the motions; but there the dispute began. The Duke of Shoreditch wanted to take precedence, and sit at the head of the table, holding that he outranked a minister who represented merely a nation and not a monarch; but I stood for my rights, and refused to yield. In the gossip column I ranked all dukes not royal, and said so, and claimed precedence of this one. It couldn't be settled, of course, struggle as we might and did, he finally (and injudiciously) trying to play birth and antiquity, and I "seeing" his Conqueror and "raising" him with Adam, whose direct posterity I was, as shown by my name, while *he* was of a collateral branch, as shown by *his*, and by his recent Norman origin; so we all processioned back to the drawing-room again and had a perpendicular lunch—plate of sardines and a strawberry, and you group yourself and stand up and eat it. Here the religion of precedence is not so strenuous; the two persons of highest rank chuck up a shilling, the one that wins has first go at his strawberry, and the loser gets the shilling. The next two chuck up, then the next two, and so on. After refreshment, tables were brought, and we all played cribbage, sixpence a game. The English never play any other game for amusement. If they can't make something or lose something—they don't care which—they won't play.—*From "The £1,000,000 Banknote," in the January Century.*

Commencing with the January number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, the scope book department of that journal has been very materially enlarged. Mr. Emory R. Johnson has been associated with Prof. R. P. Falkner as editor of this department, and six specialists have agreed to co-operate with these gentlemen as reviewers. These specialists are Prof. F. C. Currier, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Prof. W. M. Daniels, of Princeton; Prof. J. H. Gray, of Northwestern University; Dr. David Kinley and Mr. H. H. Powers, of the University of Wisconsin, and Prof. E. A. Ross, of Cornell University. Besides a long critical view by Prof. Ross of Prof. Seligman's "Shifting and Incidence of Taxation," there are shorter reviews of the following books: Bayard's "*La caisse d'epargne;*" Brunialti's "*Lo stato moderno*, and "*Lo stato e la chiesa in Italia;*" Fleming's "Appeal to the Canadian Institute;" Malon's "*Précis de Socialisme;*" Patton's "Political Economy for American Youth;" Pick's "Digest of Political Economy," and Ridgeway's "Origin of Metallic Currency and Weight Standards." It is the intention of the editors of this department to notice, as far as possible, by reviews or notes, all of the books and articles which may appear which relate to politics, public law, political economy and sociology.

An Enemy Baffled.

There is an enemy with whom thousands are familiar all their lives, because they are born with a tendency to biliousness. With this enemy they are constantly battling with ineffectual weapons. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will baffle it. Mere purgatives will not reform a disordered condition of the liver indicated, not by constipation alone, but also by sick headaches, yellowness of the skin and eye balls, nausea, furred tongue and uneasiness, more particularly upon pressure on the right side, upon and below the short ribs. Avoid drastic purgatives which gripe and weaken the intestines, and substitute this world-famous anti-bilious cordial, which likewise removes malarial, stomachic and kidney complaints, rheumatism and nervousness. As a laxative of the bowels, painless but effectual, it improves appetite, sleep and the ability to digest, and possesses the additional advantage of a standard tonic.

A Weathercock Editor.

In March, 1815, the Paris *Moniteur* announced the expected return of Emperor Napoleon from Elba. The first announcement of the *Moniteur* was far from polite, but as the little Corsican approached Paris a gradual change took place in its tone:

"The cannibal has left his den."

"The Corsican wolf has landed in the Bay of San Juan."

"The tiger has arrived at Gay."

"The wretch spent the night at Grenoble."

"The tyrant has arrived at Lyons."

"The usurper has been seen within fifty miles of Paris."

"Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not put his foot inside the walls of Paris."

"Tomorrow Napoleon will be at our gates."

"The Emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau."

"His Imperial Majesty Napoleon entered Paris yesterday surrounded by his loyal subjects."

The Right Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following promotions and changes in his diocese:—Rev. M. Courtnay to be P.P. of O'Callaghan's Mills, Rev. T. Vaughan to be C.C. of Miltown-Malbay, Rev. P. Hogan to be C.C. of Killaloe, Rev. M. Gleeson to be C.C. of Kilmealy, Rev. W. Murray to be C.C. of Kilmurry Ibrickane, Rev. W. Grace to be C C. of Kilcoleman, Rev. James Monahan to be C.C. of Cloughjordan, Rev. P. J. Hogan to be C.C. of Ruan.

TAKE HEART, if you're a suffering woman. The chronic weaknesses, painful disorders, and delicate derangements that come to woman only have a positive remedy in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If you'll faithfully use it, every disturbance and irregularity can be permanently cured.

It's a legitimate medicine for woman, carefully adapted to her delicate organization. It builds up and invigorates the entire system, regulates and promotes all the proper functions, and restores health and strength.

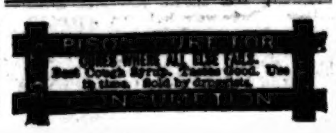
"Favorite Prescription" is the *only* remedy for woman's ills that's *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Which is the best to try, if you have Catarrh—a medicine that claims to have cured others, or a medicine that is backed by money to cure *you?* The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy agree to cure your Catarrh, *perfectly* and *permanently*, or they'll pay you $500 in cash.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 20 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of hgraiy tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people all a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $50.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No. 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem-winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.80. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR SUNDAY OPENING.

Hearings Before the World's Fair Committee.

WASHBURNE BEGINS THE TALK.

Memorial of the Chicago City Council Praying for Sunday Opening Read to the Committee—Four Women Interested in the Subject in Attendance—Colonel Elliott F. Shepard of New York, the Foe to Sunday Opening, Also on Hand.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—The hearings of the World's Columbian exposition committee of the house on the Sunday opening question was begun Tuesday morning. The committee room was filled with members of the city government of Chicago and other persons, including four women interested in the subject. For thirty minutes after the hearing began Chairman Durborow and Messrs. Little of New York and Dingley of Maine were the only members present. Representative Reilly of Pennsylvania later appeared, and Elliott F. Shepard, Attorney General Hunt of Illinois and several Illinois congressmen followed. Mayor Hempstead Washburne opened the hearing and introduced City Clerk Van Cleave, who read the memorial of the Chicago city council praying that the gates of the World's fair be not closed on Sunday; that the buildings be kept open for the inspection of exhibits, and that full opportunities be afforded for the holding of religious ceremonies by all creeds.

Mayor Washburne's Address.

Mayor Washburne then addressed the committee in support of the memorial. The act creating the fair declared that it was to be a national and international one. Therefore the question was whether the government would keep its faith with all the nations of the world. He held that under the preamble creating the exhibition congress must so legislate as to benefit the majority of those for whom it was created. It was to be an exposition for all the people of every race or creed; the Mohammedan and Hindoo who know nothing of our religion; the Jew who observes another day; the people of Europe who regard Sunday as a day of recreation, and the people who know no religion. There was also a constitutional question involved. If the gates were to be closed on the ground urged by those persons who insisted on Sunday closing as showing that this country recognized the Christian religion as the religion of the land, it would not be justified by the principles of our constitution.

No Sentimental Reasons.

The fathers of our country knew too well the abuses that might arise if congress were permitted to legislate on any question involving religious belief. To close the gates on the first day of the week in order to recognize the Christian religion would clearly establish religion by federal law. The Chicago people did not ask for Sunday opening from sentimental reasons, but in the name of a million and a quarter of Americans who live from day to day by the wages they earn; in the name of eleven cities in the state of Illinois; sixteen in Indiana, nine in Michigan; seven in Wisconsin, three in Kentucky, two in Missouri; four in Ohio and six in Iowa, all of which are within a radius of 340 miles of Chicago. Each of these cities was a manufacturing centre and their laboring people might lay down their work on Saturday night, visit the fair on Sunday and be back at the bench Monday morning.

For the Common People.

The mayor then urged the committee to listen to the "common people," who were not here, and said little, but whose ballots were as numerous as the snow flakes and fell as noiselessly into the American verdict box. If the exposition was for the rich and independent, who could visit the fair at any time, his voice was silenced, but not so if it was for the common people, for their pleasure and instruction.

Alderman Madden, on behalf of the people of Chicago, asked that the fair be opened on Sunday so that they might be better able to entertain their visitors, and that the social, moral and educational interests of all the people might be promoted. Alderman Sexton insisted that the people of Chicago were entirely unselfish in asking Sunday opening and said that if they were merely grasping for the almighty dollar they would favor Sunday closing, for all the people who went to live near Jackson park, that they might be near the exposition, would be driven to the city on Sunday to seek for means of spending the day.

MR. BLAINE'S CONDITION.

The Ex-Secretary Has Another Relapse but Rallies from It.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Another almost miraculous and unexpected improvement in the condition of Mr. Blaine occurred in the early hours of Tuesday morning. At 1 o'clock Tuesday Drs. Johnston and Hyatt gave out a statement reciting that:

"Mr. Blaine passed a comfortable day until 8 o'clock this evening, when he became not so well and at this hour (1 a. m.) he is still losing strength."

At that hour the family were gathered in the reception room just across the hall from the sick man's chamber, fearing the worst and receiving no comfort or encouragement from the physicians. At 2 o'clock the doctors informed the family that their patient was sleeping quietly and there were no indications of immediate dissolution, and advised them to retire. At 10:30 Dr. Johnston said Mr. Blaine was better than at any time since the last relapse.

Cherokee Strip To Be Opened.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—The house committee on Indian affairs Tuesday ordered a favorable report on the bill for the purchase of the Cherokee strip in an amended form. The original bill appropriated $8,500,000 for the purchase of this land, the money to be paid at once. After a careful consideration the committee reached the conclusion that the treasury could not stand this large payment, and amended the bill so as to provide for the payment of $500,000, the balance to remain in the treasury at interest at 5 per cent., payable in five years, or sooner should the government desire to do so.

Morton's Daughter "Comes Out."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Vice President and Mrs. Morton gave a reception Monday night to announce the debut of their daughter. The affair marked an epoch in the season's entertainments as it was the most brilliant one of the winter. The vice president, assisted by Mrs. Morton, stood with their daughter in the second drawing room to receive the guests.

CORBETT AND GODDARD.

The Two Men Meet in the Rotunda of a Chicago Hotel.

CHICAGO, Jan. 10.—Jim Corbett and Joe Goddard came together in the lobby of the Grand Pacific hotel Monday evening. The meeting resulted in as lively and animated scene as has been witnessed for many a day in any hotel of this city. No blows were struck on either side, but the conversation between the two representatives of the ring waxed so warm that two minutes after it had begun every man in the rotunda was attracted to the spot and the vigorous cheers and derisive comments by which they punctuated the remarks of the principals arrested the attention of passing pedestrians who swelled the original crowd till the doors of the establishment were blockaded. Goddard, accompanied by Billy Madden, was observed about the Grand Pacific for several hours. When Corbett finally entered, accompanied by his young brother, Goddard at once caught the eye of the champion. Jim bowed and Goddard arose and returned the bow.

Wants to Fight Corbett.

Then he approached Corbett, who was talking with Manager Brady as if quite oblivious of the presence of the Australian.

"How do you do? How do you do?" queried Gentleman Jim in his politest manner.

"Never felt better," said Goddard, bringing his large hand down upon his massive chest by way of emphasis. "I want you to fight me," he added.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Corbett, measuring his would-be antagonist from his toes to his head. There was that in the look which produced a fit of laughter among the audience. Goddard became visibly pale, whether with anger or something it was not easy to see.

"Why," continued Corbett, "should you offer to fight me? You must know, sir, that you are unworthy of consideration until you have fought and whipped two men—Mitchell and Jackson. I am champion and shall not accept a challege from the representative of any nation except he be the declared champion of that nation."

Corbett's Proposition.

"You are not champion—any one could have licked Sullivan."

"I will not hear one word said against Sullivan," retorted Corbett, with growing warmth. "For several years he held the championship. He whipped all comers and retained the championship for America. No Englishman or Australian ever proved his equal."

"What do you propose?" asked Goddard, amid the yells of the crowd.

"I propose to fight Mitchell first, if he will give me the opportunity. After him comes Jackson, the championship Australia. Then if you have anything to say it will be your turn. You are only third man in my consideration. But now I tell you what I will do. If you make a fight with Jackson I shall sign articles on the day you sign yours to fight the winner and I shall put up the money at the same time."

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

Terrible Experience of the Crew of the British Bark Navarch.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—The British bark Navarch was abandoned at sea while on a voyage from Philadelphia for Dunkirk. Part of her crew, who were taken off by a passing vessel, have arrived at Havre. Captain Hilton, master of the Navarch, died at sea. The first officer of the bark and two seamen were lost overboard before assistance reached the distressed vessel. The survivors of the Navarch had a terrible experience before they were taken off the bark. The Navarch sailed from Philadelphia Dec. 5 and took heavy weather soon after leaving the capes of the Delawares. Everything went well with her, however, until Dec. 21, when she encountered a terrific hurricane. The weather was bitterly cold and everything above deck was covered with ice. During the storm one of the masts was carried away.

Death of the Captain.

Captain Hilton was struck by a falling spar and fatally injured. Everything possibls under the circumstances was done for him, but he died shortly after the accident. The first officer took charge of the bark. The day after Captain Hilton's death a tremendous sea boarded the bark, carrying overboard the first officer and two of the crew. The command of the vessel now devolved on the second mate, who knew little of navigation. Short handed and with the bark making water he decided to stand away for the Asores. The situation on the bark became worse and worse and finally, as it was thought that she would founder, it was decided to abandon her when a vessel came along that would take the crew off. A signal of distress was hoisted. On Dec. 31 the French steamer Marseille, Captain Grandillon, bound from New Orleans for Havre and Antwerp, came up with the bark near the Azore islands and took off the eleven men on board of her.

Labor Leader on Trial.

LONDON, Jan. 10.—Benjamin Tillett, the well-known labor leader, who was an unsuccessful labor candidate for parliament at West Bradford in the general election, was put on trial at Bristol Monday on a charge of having incited the strikers to riot on the occasion of the labor demonstration at Bristol on the Friday night before Christmas. A number of leading labor men were present at the trial and Tillett was heartily cheered by a large crowd on his way to the court room. The prosecution charge that Mr. Tillett, in addressing the Bristol strikers, urged them to fight with fists and clubs, and if necessary with guns and declared that he would lead them. The case was adjourned until Jan. 18.

Riotous Strikers Found Guilty.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 10.—The verdict of the jury who has tried the thirteen strikers charged with riot at Duquesne Steel works of the Carnegie company was opened in court Tuesday morning and finds ten of the accused guilty of riot; two of unlawful assemblage and one acquitted.

Wabaunsee county will be represented in the Kansas senate by A. E. True and in the house by Joseph Treu.

President Adams of the University of Wisconsin reports that the department growing the most rapidly in that institution is that of mechanics and engineering.

George H. Clapper, while chopping wood near Stovertown, O., was struck by a falling limb and fatally crushed.

Hugh Monghan quarreled with 16-year-old William Carver near Springfield, Ills. Carver cut him in the leg, severing an artery, and he bled to death.

Mr. M. L. Woodbridge, who won the Boston Globe's $5 a week for life for his close guess at the popular vote for president, has made a great record as a guesser, having also won a trip to Chicago, while he is a disputed winner of a trip to Europe.

INDUCTED INTO OFFICE.

Governor Stone of Missouri Takes the Oath.

SENSATION CREATED BY O'MARA.

The Lieutenant Governor Alludes to the Warfare Made Upon Him During the Campaign—Governor Lewelling of Kansas Inaugurated in the Presence of a Large Crowd of Populists—The Presidential Electors Cast Their Votes.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 9.—At 3 o'clock Monday afternoon the members of the senate, house, and citizens' committee met in the office of the secretary of state and escorted Governor-Elect Stone and Lieutenant Governor O'Mara to the governor's office, where they were joined by

COLONEL W. J. STONE.

Governor Francis, state officers and members of the supreme court. The party then proceed to the house chamber, where Chief Justice Black delivered the oath of office to the recently elected state officials. Governor Stone then read his inaugural address. Lieutenant Governor O'Mara created something of a sensation in the senate during his inaugural address by alluding to the bitter and intolerant warfare that was made on him in the campaign by the American Protective association.

Governor Lewelling Inaugurated.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 9.—The state house was crowded with Populists early Monday morning and two hours before the hour set for the inaugural ceremonies representative hall, where they were held, was literally packed with people. Unusual interest was manifested in the event because for the first time since Kansas was made a state the Republicans have been left without a single state officer. The ceremonies of the inaugural were opened with prayer at 12 o'clock noon after which Chief Justice Horton administered the oath of office to all the state officers elect.

CASTING THEIR VOTES.

Electors of the Various States Perform Their Duty.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 9.—Twenty-two members Monday of the Ohio electoral college voted for Benjamin Harrison for president and one for Grover Cleveland. The highest vote cast by the respective political parties at the presidential election in November was: Republican, 405,187; Democrat, 404,115; Prohibition, 26,012; People's party, 14,850. Lorenzo Danford, chairman of the meeting, received the highest Republican vote at the November election, and James P. Seward of Mansfield, who was at the head of the Democratic ticket, the hightest cast by his party. The vote was by the Australian ballot. Seward is the first Democratic presidential elector in Ohio since 1853. He received complimentary consideration from all sides and bore his honors becomingly.

Something New in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 9.—Monday Illinois formally cast its electoral vote for Grover Cleveland and Adlai E. Stevenson for president and vice president of the United States. It was done without much formality or special preparation, the Democrats in charge seeming to be considerably at sea concerning the necessary proceedure to be followed. The fact that this is the first time since 1856 that such a thing has happened in Illinois may, however, account for their inexperience in the matter. The popular vote of the state was: Cleveland, 426,281; Harrison, 399,288; Bidwell, 25,870; Weaver, 26,993.

Iowa Electoral College.

DES MOINES, Jan. 9.—The electoral college met at Des Moines at 12 o'clock Monday and organized and elected E. M. Remley chairman and E. D. Chassell secretary. After all preliminary work had been done the ballot was cast giving Harrison the solid vote of the college, which was thirteen electoral votes. The popular vote in the state in the last election for presidential candidates stands: Harrison, 219,493; Cleveland, 196,409; Weaver, 20,616; Bidwell, 6,282.

New York's Vote.

ALBANY, Jan. 9.—The state electoral college met at noon Monday. After the oath of office had been administered a recess of fifteen minutes was taken in order to allow the electors to hold an informal conference and adopted a resolution expressing their approval of the candidacy of Edward Murphy, Jr., for United States senator. The electoral college was then reconvened and the thirty-six electoral votes were cast for Cleveland and Stevenson.

Each Elector a Candidate.

ST. PAUL, Jan. 9.—The nine Republican presidential electors of Minnesota met in the governor's office at noon Monday. Nine votes were cast for Benjamin Harrison and the only question at issue was who should be chosen as messenger to carry the returns to Washington. Nearly every one of the electors was a candidate for the position. The popular vote of the state was: Harrison 122,736, Cleveland 100,579, Weaver 30,308, Bidwell 14,079.

Pennsylvania Electors.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 9.—The Pennsylvania presidential electors met in the senate chamber at noon Monday and cast their votes for Harrison. B. F. Jones of Pittsburg was chosen president of the college. There were but two absentees—John L. Lawson and James H. Lindsay of Allegheny county. Their places were filled by the election of George B. Graham of Allegheny and William E. Lewis of Delaware county as substitutes. Governor Pattison was invited to a seat in the college and was present during the formal proceedings.

Cast Their Votes for Weaver.

DENVER, Jan. 9.—The four Populist electors successful in the recent election met in the office of Governor Waite Monday morning and cast their formal ballots for James B. Weaver for president. The popular vote of the state was: Harrison, 38,614; Weaver, 53,584; Bidwell, 7,187.

Wisconsin's Vote.

MADISON, Jan. 9.—The electorial vote as officially recognized Monday by Wisconsin was: Cleveland, 177,335; Harrison, 170,791; Weaver, 9,909; Bidwell, 13,132; scattering, 320. The twelve electorial votes were therefore cast for Cleveland.

Michigan's Vote Divided.

LANSING, Jan. 9.—The presidential electors of Michigan met here Monday. Nine votes were cast for Harrison and Reid and five were cast for Cleveland and Stevenson.

FAVORS SUNDAY OPENING.

Sermon at St. Louis by the Rev. Dr. John Snyder.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 9.—At the Church of the Messiah Sunday Rev. Dr. John Snyder preached against the closing of the World's fair on Sunday, taking the broad and Catholic ground of religious freedom as opposed to Sabbatarianism. He denied any permanent obligation to observe the Lord's day except in a rational manner as a day of charity, a day of joy, a day of rest. Turning to the Scriptures Dr. Snyder read the following text from Romans xv., 5: "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Slowly repeating the lines the preacher said: "That is our charter of liberty and toleration."

Individual Preferences.

In beginning the discussion he said the subject should be approached in that comprehensive and catholic spirit that recognized that it was a conflict between two types of conscience which should command profound courtesy and mutual respect. To reach a proper settlement of the question there must be some abatement of individual preferences, to secure neither the triumph nor humiliation of either party. It was wise for the thoughtful of all beliefs and all churches to minimize their differences and seek simply the triumph of truth and the good of all. Taking up the historical phase of the topic Dr. Snyder rapidly gathered and grouped the reasons of the learned of the past and present against a stereotyped observance of the Lord's day.

A SUCCESS EVERY WAY.

Report of the Chief Engineer Regarding the Monterey.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—The navy department has received an official dispatch from the chief engineer of the coast defense vessel Monterey, stating that she was a success in every particular. The horse power developed is being ascertained by a board of engineer officers and it is believed the result will show that the vessel has earned a handsome premium by surpassing her contract requirements. A telegram was also received from the Union Iron works stating that the Monterey exceeded her contracts in all particulars. The Monterey was launched at the yards of the Union Iron works by Mrs. Harrison while she was with the president on his tour to the Pacific coast.

Caught Kilgore Napping.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Representative "Buck" Kilgore of Texas took a nap in the cloak room of the house Friday and when aroused by the information that "pension bills were up" he found that with remarkable celerity the house had passed a large nuber of private pension bills he had intended to oppose. Representative O'Neill of Boston was put in the chair. The clerk was admonished to read lively and between Mr. O'Neill's rapid dispatch of business and Mr. Kilgore's slumbers, the house was in a fair way to dispose of the private calendar when the Texas member awoke and made his presence felt.

Change of Classification.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—The president has approved an amendment to the classification of the agriculture department, bringing within the classification of that department the employes of the weather bureau elsewhere than at Washington. The number of persons affected by this change of classification is between 100 and 200. It brings in all the weather observers at the various signal stations throughout the country. He has also extended the classified list to every mail carrier in the country which affects 7,000 persons.

Saved His Daily Earnings.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Jan. 9.—Dennis Dollery, an eccentric old man who died recently near Stonington, left his estate of $34,000 to St. Michael's Roman Catholic church at Westerly. His relatives may contest the will. Dollery had been nothing more than a day laborer all his life, but nearly every cent of his wages was hoarded away, he being a frequent visitor to the savings banks. He carried his bank books around his waist in a belt under his clothing, where they were found after his death.

A Much Wanted Man.

PETOSKEY, Mich., Jan. 6.—Warrants are out for L. W. Haight, a young fellow who deserted his wife in Chicago a few months ago and came to Petoskey to work in the grocery of Wilson & Co. He fled last week in anticipation of a charge of illegitimate parentage. Thursday a bogus check on the Petoskey City bank, cashed by him in Reading, gave a clew to his whereabouts. He is wanted for numerous other bogus check transactins that have come to light within a day or two.

Want More Money.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—General St. Clair of West Virginia and John Boyd Thatcher of New York, members of the World's Columbian commission, appeared before the deficiencies sub-committee of the house committee on appropriations Saturday and asked for about $600,000 for expenses of judges and their assistants in making awards at the World's fair. The majority members of the sub-committee apparently thought the amount asked very large.

Suit Against R. G. Dun & Co.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—Suit has been brought by Harry Phillips, a real estate and loan broker, against R. G. Dun & Co., the damages being placed at $100,000. Civil proceedings in the same amount and a criminal action have been brought against Howard Eden. Mr. Phillips is a promoter of financial enterprisee and alleges that the commercial agency misrepresented the soundness of some of his schemes.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Items of General Interest from Here and There.

The Panama Star and Herald announced a recent event of importance in probably the briefest dispatch inspired by it. Here it is: "Jay Gould died at 9:15 this morning."

London undertakers send out circulars to families having cases of serious illness. This grewsome practice has grown to such an extent as to attact the attention of London newspapers.

Charlotte, N. C., boasts of a double-faced potato. One side is claimed to be a perfect representation of a bear and the other, it is said, is a fair mold of a calf.

At Lexington, Miss., the postoffice and telegraph office are in charge of a woman; the chief express agent is a woman, and her two assistants are women.

The widow of Richard A. Proctor, the astonomer, is to be curator of the Proctor memorial observatory at San Diego, Cal.

The German navy now possesses eighty-six vessels, either afloat or ready for combat, representing a total of 219,963 tons.

Female stenographers are to serve the parliaments of Norway and Sweden.

In Boston they are getting to call afternoon teas "smoke talks," because the hostess usually has incense burning in a little Oriental incense burner.

Bishop Potter of New York has presented his newly married daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Mason Davidge, with a fruit farm in Colorado, where they will reside permanently.

At Mount Auburn, Ia., Sam Smith shot and killed Bill Perry. The trouble grew out of an old grudge.

Luis Racas, while riding in Warwick county, Tex., was ambushed by enemies. Sabano Oys, who was on the same horse with Racas, was killed by their fire, as was the horse.

A woodman who died in northern Maine confessed on his death bed to having been the companion of a man who murdered a woodman by the name of Walker two years ago. Walker was killed for his money, $500.

Two United States naval officers who were sent by Admiral Gherardi over the Andes have arrived in Buenos Ayres. They report the Transandine road in excellent condition, affording a speedy means of travel between the east and the west coast.

A St. Albans (Vt.) farmer used five casks of cider in an attempt to put out a fire in his house.

The first novel of the late T. Adolphus Trollope was written in twenty-four days in order to obtain the money to give his wife a change of the air ordered by the doctor.

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The Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Ship Canal and Harbor company has deeded to the government the Sturgeon bay canal, one and three-quarter miles in length, extending from Sturgeon bay to Lake Michigan, the consideration being $81,833.

The shaft of the Umbria will be repaired in New York, but she will carry no passengers to Liverpool. It is said her shaft cannot be duplicated on this side the water.

The estimated gross earnings of the Rock Island system for December are $1,538,166.10, an estimated increase of $55,-199.29.

In Richmond, Va., Mrs. Mark Davis, wife of a well-known hotel proprietor, professed her belief in the Jewish faith and became a member of Beth Ahaba synagogue. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Davis were remarried according to the Jewish faith.

One hundred and seven alleged heirs of George Rapp, founder of the Harmony community, whose leader, Father Henrici, recently died, are ready to break into the society with legal crowbars and rifle it of its millions, amounting by the thrift of these simple Economites to perhaps $20,-000,000.

Robert Conroy, a lumberman at Stillwater, Minn., was kicked by a horse and seriously injured.

A gang of railroad graders near Alton, Ills., found two skeletons. Nothing was found to indicate the cause of death.

At a business center in Elizabeth, N. J., one railroad is to be carried by viaduct over a thoroughfare and another railroad will cross the first by means of another viaduct.

John Williams, a soldier in the Thirty-ninth Illinois regiment during the civil war, cut his throat at Decatur, Ills. He is not expected to recover.

The tug Onward has recovered the bodies of Williams and Bullgren at Fox island in Lake Michigan. The men were lost in the wreck of the Gilcher.

The Baxter heater exploded in a sleeping car at Davenport, Ia., doing no damage save to the car. Colonel French of Davenport cut an artery in thrusting his fist through a window in order to let air into the car.

* * *

Louis Craigmile, son of William Craigmile, one of the wealthiest citizens of Brazil, Ind., was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year on the charge of larceny.

Mrs. J. N. Nichols of Sioux City, Ia., was killed by the cars at a grade crossing.

Northampton, Mass., receives from E. H. R. Lyman of that city, a $100,000 academy of music built by him last year.

The First Baptist church of Williamsburg, New York, having wiped out its $25,000 debt on an $85,000 edifice, burned its mortgage in an urn on its pulpit.

An explosion of illuminating gas at Troy, N. Y., blew up a four-story building and seriously injured Robert Seitz.

Carlisle, it is said, really aspires to the supreme bench, not the cabinet. He is comparatively a poor man.

The Congregational pastors of New Haven have asked the Yale faculty to suppress betting and gambling in connection with college athletics.

Donald Fountain, who on a wager of $5,-000 agreed to walk from New York to San Francisco in ninety-five days, walked into that city just eight hours too late to get his money. He was taken ill at Sacramento which caused his delay—and the loss of his wager.

The King and Queen of Italy have invited Queen Victoria to spend a few days with them at Rome during her next visit to the continent.

Captain John K. Shaw, who disappeared from Duluth, Minn., has been heard from in Texas. He was short in his accounts, but no attempt will be made to bring him back.

John W. Grantham, a resident of Johnston county, N. C., has seven grown daughters, six of whom are married, all to men whose baptismal name is John.

The Pauline pottery, at Edgerton, Wis., is a stock company, under the management of Mr. Jacobus, while his wife, for whom the pottery is named, has charge of the decorative department. They employ about forty hands in the busy portion of the year.

Mrs. Mattie H. Graves was shot and stabbed to death at Huntington, W. Va., by Henry Rose, a mulatto.

George Vanderbilt's collection of Rembrandt's etchings is considered the finest in the world.

* * *

Ex-Senator Spooner of Wisconsin and Mrs. Spooner will leave Madison about the middle of the month and spend the rest of the winter in the south and California.

Ex-Mayor Grant of New York has had five flattering business offers, but has not definitely decided which, if any, of them he will accept.

Mrs. Mary U. Sturgis, who died in Kansas City last week, 84 years of age, was a noted army nurse during the war, and associated for a long time with "Mother" Bickerdike.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the jail at Redwood Falls, Minn., in which the president and cashier of the defunct Fairfax, Minn., bank are kept.

John V. Wright of Tennessee will be a candidate for the office of land commissioner under the new national administration. He was congressman before the civil war.

The city council of Des Moines, Ia., has passed a disorderly house ordinance, fixing a monthly fine of $50 for saloons. Prohibitionists are aroused over the matter.

Alexander Killian, the wealthiest citizen of Daviess county, Ind., was made the defendant in a $20,000 breach of promise suit brought by Miss Lida Hullen of Plainville, Ind.

The official trial trip of the new coast defense vessel Monterey in the Bay of San Francisco was entirely successful.

The dry goods store of Olsen & Co. at Monmouth, Ills., was closed by the sheriff. The liabilities are $6,000, with assets nearly as large.

On behalf of the University of Michigan the Detroit Tribune asks that the Rockefellers of that state be not backward about coming forward.

Larris Cain, deputy city collector of Rich Hill, Mo., was saved from suicide at Kansas City and then arrested charged with embezzling $4,000 of Rich Hill public funds.

Charles C. Ferris, formerly of Kansas City, lately with the Meyer Bros. Drug company of St. Louis, committed suicide by shooting at his home in Ellendale, Mo.

The new postage stamps are having a large sale in New York. The $5 denomination is bought by dealers and collectors chiefly.

* * *

The Koch Cigar company has been incorporated at Washburn, Wis.

The population of London now exceeds that of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Chicago combined, and these four are the only American cities having 1,000,000 or more inhabitants.

Colonel Watterson's paper is doing its best to bring the Kentucky legislature up to a $100,000 World's fair appropriation.

Mrs. Mary Shaw has brought a $10,000 suit against her father-in-law in Dixon, Ills., for slander.

Donnellson, Ills., has just closed a contract for sinking a coal shaft in the town.

The capitol at Albany has already cost $20,000,000, and a bill appropriating $700,-000 to continue the work has just been introduced.

The charge of murder against Miss Clara King, who accidentally stabbed and killed Albert McCoy in acting a charade, was dismissed in San Francisco.

Before President Harrison's term expires an effort will be made to secure the pardon of Charles Ritter, who is now serving the second year of a six year sentence at Michigan City, Ind., for the embezzlement of $75,000 from the First National bank of Evansville, Ind.

Constable Deskins, Justice Deskins, Coroner Shepard Cole, Brice Patrick, shot during the fight near Salyersville, Ky., have died of their wounds.

In speaking of the plans of President Harrison, a close friend says he will go at once to Indianapolis, and, after a long rest, take up the practice of law only as regards large cases.

Corporal Tanner says that reducing pension agents' fees from $10 to $2 has ruined the business.

* * *

At a party given to his son at Pottstown, Pa., Nathan Pollock proposed to drink the young man's health and dashed off a glass of what he thought to be wine. It was carbolic acid and Pollock died almost instantly.

Rev. J. W. M. Williams, D. D., has been pastor of the First Baptist church in Baltimore for the past forty-two years, and is still serving that congregation actively.

Sir Arthur Sullivan and other prominent musicians are organizing a fund for the relief of the only son of Balfe, the composer of the "Bohemian Girl," and other operas.

Fire, which started from an explosion of kerosene, destroyed $1,500,000 worth of property at Rio de Janeiro.

Miss Minnie Kirchoff, of Danville, Ills., has sued Joseph Luchenheimer for damages because the latter's dog bit her nose off.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Coitre

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true. I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure [illegible]. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address DR. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 14, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—E. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Helen Barry.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Hallen & Hart.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Pauline Hall Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"A Modern Match."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—James T. Powers in "A Mad Bargain."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The New Starlight."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

WHO'LL GET THE MAYORALTY?

As the period of the municipal spring campaign approaches, candidates for the mayoralty are beginning to show themselves right, left and in the centre. All Chicagoans know that our only and incomparable Carter is in the field "to stay," with or without a regular nomination. The mellowing frosts of—well, ripe maturity do not seem to have had a softening effect on the Kentucky cavalier's ambition. He is quite as much in the field as he ever was, and being mostly on horseback, he has a decided advantage over most of his rivals, who belong solely to the infantry, and would be as much out of place in the saddle as a land lubber in a life-saving craft. Mr. Harrison is picturesque. If no longer young, like the famed Alonzo, he is, at least, handsome, which is more than can be said for some of the Richmonds who are seeking him out for serious sword exercise, before the lines are arrayed and the colors planted for the fray. Carter is tenacious. One of his rivals has called him "a political confidence man," but THE CITIZEN cannot say "aye" to that description of the ex-mayor. His disposition and policy are so well known to the people that it would be utterly impossible for Our Carter to play a confidence game on a community inured to the ways of veteran politicians. Mr. Harrison is a Democrat who has one of his hind legs—or rather one of his horse's hind legs—forever over the Democratic traces, and until he puts that leg in its proper place, or the Democrats put it there for him, there is no telling what evil he may work to the Democratic overland coach, which is now full of mayoral "insides," with several other enterprising gentlemen making a fierce scramble to get up beside the driver on "the box," or, at least, somewhere on the roof of the time-worn, if not time-honored, vehicle. Mr. Harrison sincerely believes that the city would suffer a serious, possibly an irreparable, loss if he should not be elected World's Fair mayor next april. What are this noted aspirant's qualifications? He has served in congress, and repeatedly in the mayoral chair, with an amount of eclat that cannot be disputed. He enjoys a national, indeed it may be safely said, an international reputation, but, as he is not the slave of the local Democratic machine, he is denounced by some of the faithful as guerilla. The machine cannot entirely forgive him for having beaten its candidate—for it was he, paradoxical as it may appear, who beat him—at the last municipal election; but fear is a potent factor in political conventions, and if the local Democratic bosses are fully satisfied that they cannot win without Carter they will have to take their medicine and nominate him anyhow. It will be gall and wormwood, of course, but then all physic is more or less bitter.

In the background, his beard bristling with aggressiveness, stands DeWitt C. Cregier, holding a very long and a very sharp knife in his hand for Carter's benefit, and quietly claiming his right to the municipal throne, which he once occupied, and from which he was ejected by the ambition of the gentleman from Kentucky. Mr. Cregier has with him the sympathy of most of the old liners. He has never bolted a nomination, but the bosses fear that, should Carter obtain the nomination, DeWitt will not remain harnessed to the chariot of Democratic orthodoxy. Revenge is sweet, and Mr. Cregier is only human. With "his dag to April's breeze unfurled," nothing would more delight this keen-eyed gentleman than to see the scalp of the Horseman dangling on the top-pole of his wigwam.

And there, also, is a solid man, with massive side-whiskers and a martial stride, suggestive at once of fashion and fighting. His banner is lifted in the very centre of the mayoral arena. He says he is bound to have the Democratic nomination, "only that and nothing more." This champion has a sire with a history, local and general. Although born on the sacred soil of Columbia, his parents came from Germany, but he has few of the attributes of his Teutonic kindred. He smokes not, neither does he sip the social glass, and, unlike Falstaff, he does not believe that "water swells a man." He knows a good horse when he sees it, but, as an equestrian, he has not that easy grace which distinguishes Our Carter. When the latter falls from the saddle he only fractures a collarbone. If the gentleman treated of in this paragraph should lose his grip of the pigskin, there is no saying what might be the result. Washington Hesing, for it is he of whom we write, claims, however, that he is riding a "safety" for the Democratic nomination, and, therefore, a fall, if he should have one, won't hurt him very badly.

Jacob W. Richards, the most popular South Town Assessor that Chicago has had, is another aspirant for Democratic honors in this connection. He is very strong with the commercial element, both traveling and resident, and "has a way with him," that makes him a power among "the boys." He is an excellent business man, and his official record has been without blemish.

On the Republican side, several gentlemen are also prominently mentioned. The incumbent of the office is among them, but his vagaries have been so many since he came into power that his alleged candidacy is regarded in the light of a standing joke. Chicago wants a mayor who knows how to hold the reins of government, and who is not vigorous by fits and starts, but always the same. Mr. Washburne had splendid opportunities to make a man of himself, but he has chosen to remain a boy. Perhaps, after a season of retirement, when he has tired of his playthings, and applies himself to serious study, he may reappear, in some subordinate capacity, on the political battlefield, but, this time, at least, the best interests of his party demand that he should be relegated to his play room.

Charles B. Farwell, long time a representative and some time a senator, is seriously spoken of in some quarters. Mr. Farwell has much to recommend him personally, but his quarrel with the president, and the attitude he assumed during the recent national election, have rather estranged him from his party. He may, however, be able to place himself right, if he is really in the field. There is no question whatever of Mr. Farwell's fitness for the office with which his name is associated.

John M. Smyth, one of Chicago's leading merchants, and a life long Republican, is also favorably spoken of. Mr. Smyth is still in the prime of life. He conducts a gigantic business with unalloyed success, and his services to his party have been as efficient as they have been disinterested. Mr. Smyth would possess elements of strength before the whole people such as few gentlemen mentioned for the position can control. He came to Chicago a mere infant, was educated in its schools, has been the architect of his own fortunes, is of pleasing person and address, and, in fact, would fill the mayoral bill to the satisfaction of all good citizens.

George R. Davis, Director General of the World's Fair, is also spoken of, but it is hardly likely that the potent Colonel, with his stalwart hands already as full as they can hold, would consent to be a candidate. He has a wider duty than even that of mayor to perform, and, until that is discharged, he cannot be considered a likely candidate, much as the city might benefit from his services.

Hon. Chris Mamer, Collector of Internal Revenue, is also being "boomed" by his friends and supporters. Everybody knows that Mr. Mamer is a worker. If Mr. Hessing should get the Democratic nomination, it is claimed that the Collector would divide the Teutonic vote with him, and, in short, Mr. Mamer is very generally, and very justly, regarded as a strong man.

Some there are, too, who mention the name of ex-Ald. Arthur Dixon, and not with bated breath, either. Mr. Dixon is an old resident of Chicago, and his industry and frugality have won him fortune, if not fame. His career in the city council was highly creditable to him and serviceable to the people. Mr. Dixon possesses a cheerful manner and a warm heart. He has, perhaps, gotten up out of his bed in the night to serve constituents oftener than any man who ever held office as a Republican. Arthur was born in Ireland, and always wears the Green on St. Patrick's Day in the Morning. Some of his enemies say that he cannot tell the difference between "Garryowen" and "The Boyne Water," but THE CITIZEN does not believe that Arthur ever heard the latter tune. Mr. Dixon would make an ideal mayor, if he could only make sufficient votes come his way.

Then there is the young and frisky Ald. M. B. Madden, of the Fourth ward, in whose bonnet the mayoral bee is said to be buzzing fiercely. Mr. Madden is a man of ability, but THE CITIZEN wishes he would look a little closer at his votes in the council, where they concern the interests of his immediate constituents, and it is also a good rule to observe on general principles.

And—we came near forgetting it—Franklin McVeagh is mentioned as a possible people's candidate. Mr. McVeagh is practical in business, but somewhat theoretical in politics. He has an ambition to create a Platonic republic and a model municipality. We much fear that Mr. McVeagh is entirely too good for this degenerate age, and that he would find himself badly dislocated in the city hall. No doubt he would try to run everything himself, and this, although a worthy ambition, would be, in the light of human imperfection, a delusion and a disappointment. A month's experience with officeseekers would make Mr. McVeagh wish that he were even dead, and then he wouldn't have the convenient arms of Dr. Jamieson to fall into.

DON CIGARETTO AND "THE COMMON PEOPLE."

The putative mayor of Chicago is in Washington advocating the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition on Sunday. THE CITIZEN has no objection to that, but it does not believe that the advocacy of the putative mayor will advance the cause. How truly "Hemp" pictured his own fate, if he ever again should be a candidate, when he said, before the House committee, of which Congressman Durborow is chairman, "Listen to the voice of the common people, who are not here, and who say little; but whose ballots are as numerous as the snowflakes and fall as noiselessly into the American verdict box." This is cheap clap-trap, in which the spirit of a ward demagogue is mingled with the false pride of a would be aristocrat. THE CITIZEN objects to the phrase "common people," if by it the putative mayor intends to describe the working masses. There are no common people—no common fellows—in America, except the putative mayor and his kind. The people are the people, the whole people and nothing but the people. This the putative mayor, and his cigarette, should bear in mind. They are not to be divided into "proper" and "common" by the putative mayor and his like. As for their ballots, they will fall with an exceedingly "dull thud," not at all noiselessly, on the political corpse of the putative mayor if he should again obtain the nomination of his party. This Washington mission, like the deathbed repentance in the matter of street cleaning, is another scheme to make the putative mayor a serious candidate in April.

GAIL HAMILTON AND GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone has been often asasiled in prose and in verse, by English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Canadian and other writers, by the horse, foot, dragoons, artillery and engineers of political life, but never flinched their fire. But incisive Gail Hamilton, otherwise Miss Abigail Dodge, in behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, the American woman confined for life in Woking prison on the supposedly proven charge of having poisoned her husband, opened her gatling battery upon him by cablegram last Saturday. After reviewing the case, and declaring her belief in the innocence of the fair convict, Miss Dodge concludes as follows:

"With all the wealth of the government at your disposal, with all the machinery of the courts and the malice of your prisoner's foes, you could furnish no proof of her guilt, and then you bind her hand and foot in a living tomb and demand that she shall produce evidence of her innocence. The British government not only murders her, but slanders her. Rumors are rife that it is resentment of American intervention which keeps her prison door locked. That is a false pretext. Her prison door had been fast locked for two years before American agitation began. There are rumors that it is a tone of menace in American intervention which acts against her. The only menace is in the voice of eternal justice speaking through the British conscience.

"Go on your cruel way, because you can. She is alone and poor and weak, and a foreigner. She can lose you no votes in England, for she has no friends, no family. Make the sacrifice complete. But if there be a God who marks and notes the way of this world, who hears the voice of innocent blood crying unto Him from the ground, it is better to be the young mother and wife, perishing in Woking prison, than the prime minister of the government which works her torture and her slaughter."

We assure Miss Dodge that there is a God, and there is no "if" about Him. Whether he takes note of all things that happen in this world or not, one thing is certain—the English government cares very little about the matter, judging by its conduct from its foundation to the present time. No amount of eloquent appeal will touch it—not even Gall Hamilton's. The only argument that ever convinces England is that of force, in some shape or other, and, as America is not likely to use that argument for the benefit of Mrs. Maybrick, she is likely to remain in prison for the term of her natural life.

DEATH OF GEN. BUTLER.

The country was taken by surprise when the news of the death of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, appeared in the morning papers of Wednesday. The sad event occured at the venerable statesman's residence in Washington, D.C., and was occasioned by an attack of long latent heart disease. Gen. Butler was a most picturesque character, and combined a variety of characteristics that made him one of the most interesting of the public men of America. He was born in Deerfield, N.H., on Nov. 5, 1818. His father, John Butler, served with conspicuous merit in the war of 1812, and the son inherited all the enthusiastic patriotism of the sire. Mrs. Butler, who had become a widow, settled in Lowell, Mass., in 1823, and there the boy received the rudiments of his education, which was completed at the Exeter Academy and at Waterville College, Me., from which he graduated. After graduation, he studied law for some years and was admitted to practice in 1840. His legal career was an uninterrupted success, although young Butler interested himself greatly in politics and also in the militia of his State, of which he became a member. In that service he rose to the rank of brigadier-general, and acquired the military knowledge which subsequently gave him an opportunity to play an honorable part in suppressing the rebellion of the Southern slaveholders.

He started in life as a strong Free Soil Democrat, and was a deadly foe of the Knownothing party. In 1853 he was elected as a coalitionist delegate to the constitutional convention of Massachusetts. In this capacity he showed the strong material of which he was made. He resigned his military commission when Gov. Gardner disbanded the Irish companies of the regiment which Butler commanded. This action raised his reputation as a true American among all liberal minded people. In 1857, he was commissioned brigadier-general of militia, and did a vast deal to put the soldiery of Massachusetts into effective form. He became a state senator in 1858, but was defeated for the governorship, N. P. Banks being his opponent, in the succeeding year. He ran for the same office in 1860, four candidates being in the field, and was again defeated. He was a delegate to the Democratic national conventions of Charleston and Baltimore in the same year. He opposed the pro-slavery wing of his party, but voted steadily for Jefferson Davis. He was among the first to come to the defense of the Union, at the head of his Massachusetts Volunteers, in April, 1861, and prevented the secession of Maryland by threatening the members of the legislature with arrest, if they attempted to hold their session for that purpose. He was not brilliant in the field, but always showed plenty of personal courage; and, as military governor of Louisiana, after New Orleans was captured by Farragut, won a world wide reputation for firmness that closely approached cruelty. Strong measures were, however, necessary at the time for the maintenance of the Union. His subsequent operations with the Army of the James, in 1864, did not enhance his reputation as a military commander, and led to his retirement. After serving several terms in congress, he was elected, although previously defeated half a dozen times, governor of Massachusetts in 1882. His attack on the management of the Tewksbury almshouse and on Harvard University, wounded the pride of his state, and Butler was retired to private life in the succeeding year. He received the presidential nomination of the Industrial party in 1884, and received 173,370 votes. After this experience, he entered the political arena no more, and devoted himself exclusively to his law practice. He was, perhaps, the most successful man, in a monetary sense, in his profession. He also wrote his memoirs, which have had an extensive sale.

Gen. Butler's ancestry, as his name indicates, was Irish on the paternal side, and he inherited that uncompromising hatred of the British government, which became his Irish blood and his American birth. He was a champion of the rights of mankind, white, red, black, yellow, or mixed up, and was the first military commander of the United States who declared the fugitive slaves of the South "contraband of war," and who gave them protection. America loses in him a most faithful servant, and oppressed humanity an ardent friend and champion.

A LITTLE "OFF" ON DR. M. F. EGAN.

Our transatlantic friend, the Glasgow *Observer*, which may be described as the Irish mouthpiece of commercial Scotland, is about the liveliest newspaper of the kind published in the "Three Kingdoms." It takes intelligent note of American matters, and is able to correct the mistakes of its Anglo-Saxon contemporaries. Mr. Stead, the noted English journalist, is, apparently, too great a man to bother with the correct name of a distinguished Irish-American publicist, whose name is "a household word" in this country, and ought to be in Europe. Apropos of this, the *Observer* says: "'Mr. Francis Morris Egan,' who is he? Mr. Stead, in the December *Review of Reviews*, says he is 'a Catholic critic,' and quotes an opinion of his on Tennyson:

'No poet ever wrote fewer weak verses, though he wrote a few; no English poet was at once so much of an artist and so correct. He had the best of Keats and the best of Coleridge; the best of Shelley, and the simplicity without the simpleness of Wordsworth; he was as clear as Shakespeare and sometimes as strong as Milton; he was the true pre-Raphaelite, and with him legitimate pre-Raphaelitism stopped. To Newman and to him we owe the preservation of the purest traditions of English expression. If a poet, like a creed, may be judged by the exaltation of true womanhood, Tennyson may pass unchallenged into that rank in which stands first the poet of the most Immaculate Virgin and of Beatrice.'

"We recognize the words as those of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, the celebrated American Catholic publicist, who is, if we err not, the Professor of Belles Lettres in the great Catholic college of Notre Dame. But surely Mr. Stead might have done him the courtesy of designating him correctly.'"

THE ALLEGED ARCHIEPISCOPAL ROW.

THE CITIZEN takes very little stock in the long-winded statements that have been published in the daily press relative to alleged disagreements between the Most Rev. Archbishops of St. Paul and New York. We know perfectly well that nothing more delights certain blue nosed and blue bellied editors than a good sized row between leading Catholics, especially if they happen to be Irish. As a general thing the Catholic church has given very little aid and comfort to hostile elements, and we hope it will continue the same line of policy to the end. The attitude of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan is statesmanlike, and, of course, dignified. He was interviewed by an enterprising reporter on the subject of the alleged controversy between his brother archbishops and replied that he knew nothing about it, except what he had read in the press, and did not desire his name to be connected with it in any form. That is the true policy to pursue. It baffles vicious curiosity and chronic malignity. The progress of the Catholic church in this country has been so great that its enemies and opponents are glad of any chance to break into its solidity. The only way to baffle them is to recognize the spiritual authority of the head of the church in all matters relating to faith, morals and clerical discipline; and to recognize the supreme authority of the state in all matters affecting political, or general, secular conditions.

ANOTHER "REV." FIREBRAND.

A "Rev." Mr. White—one of those professional firebrands who delight in provoking sensitive people to break the peace—has been attempting to give a lecture on what he calls "the evils of auricular confession," in the quiet suburb of Waukegan. He was aided and abetted by a few bigots in that place, and the result was a sound thrashing received by a shopkeeper named Dixon, who made himself obnoxious to his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. THE CITIZEN detests and despises quarrels over creed, which do great harm and are a scandal to decent Christians. We think the Catholics ought to have followed Father Gavin's advice and refrained from assaulting anybody; but, at the same time, we think a law should be passed to muzzle such rabid human curs as the "Rev." White and his ilk. Nobody requires the man White to go to auricular confession—this is a free country. It would benefit him to go, no doubt, and be loosed from his sins, but our sympathy would be with the priest who had to undertake such a heavy task. Leaving out its sacramental character, how much more dignified auricular confession is, in the Catholic church, than open confession in the "experience meetings" of some of its rivals and defamers! The tale of the penitent goes into the ear of the good priest, and, thereafter, is known only to God, while the experience confession, made in open meeting, is often sensational, if not scandalous, and calculated to demoralize the hearers. It is no pleasing task for any priest to be compelled by his sacred duty to hear, for hours at a time, the tales of human weakness, passion and crime poured into his ear, because he cannot discriminate. He cannot choose his penitents. All must receive the same attention. None but a man of corrupt heart and vicious mind can say aught against auricular confession—instituted by Christ himself, when He said, in substance, "Whose sins ye shall remit, they are remitted—whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained." No language could be plainer—unless to those blinded by a fiendish prejudice.

Thousands of Catholic young men and women owe their prosperity and happiness in life to the good advice given them by their father confessors before absolution was administered. The Catholic priest is the soul's physician. So long as he attends to his spiritual functions, in the spirit of the Lord, his office, from the Pope to the curate, is the grandest on the earth. He dissects the ulcers of the spirit, and heals the imperiled soul. The priest who would use the confessional for any other purpose than that of soul cleansing would be more unworthy in the sight of God than the foulest lay criminal. This every sensible human being knows. When reformers look around for social corruption with which to grapple, they do not find a prolific field for their labors among practical Catholics, and even Catholics who are but nominally connected with the church still preserve respect for the laws of morality. If these latter fall into error, it is chiefly because they have failed in observation of the sacraments, auricular confession among them. If, in the spiritual sense, all men and women follow the teachings of the Catholic church, they will be glorified in the sight of God and of the nations. It is not necessary for a good Catholic to be a bigot—in that he would be imitating the "Rev." Mr. White. Catholics have love and charity for their fellow beings of all creeds, and rarely, if ever, breed religious quarrels. Mr. White proposes to have the state militia called out to protect his right to be a firebrand. The governor of Illinois should take no more notice of him than of any less fortunate vulgar brawler, who is arrested and fined for disorderly conduct in the police court.

MR. DUNLOP'S SPICY "DISPATCH."

There is a something that vividly recalls the best days of the old Chicago *Times*, when Mr. Storey was in the zenith of his journalistic fame, in the Chicago *Dispatch*, the able and spicy evening paper, edited by that young and vigorous, but veteran, journalist, Mr. Joseph R. Dunlop. Sometimes, indeed, the sensational news printed in the *Dispatch* might be advantageously modified, but, taken for all in all, it is a bold, independent, spicy, self-reliant, metropolitan newspaper, and is rapidly taking the high rank in Chicago journalism that Col. John A. Cockrill's *Commercial Advertiser* has taken in New York newspaper life. Mr. Dunlop's policy is to make his paper, in as far as that is possible, entirely original; giving no local news in duplicate, as has become too much the custom, and relying on the vim and ability of his editors and reporters to give to the public fresh and spicy news and comment. This is a tendency in the right direction, and it might be imitated, with good results to the public, by journals much longer in the field than the *Dispatch*.

The reportorial rank is the school of the editor. The very best editors that America has produced began their careers in the police courts of our great cities, chronicling the petty crimes and misdemeanors of the shiftless, and often vicious, people who are best known to the police; or else on the assignment of "night police, fires and coroner," which so often tests the endurance, courage and mental resources of the young men of the profession. Several leading editors began at "the case," and worked their way upward until they became a power in the land. Foremost among these may be mentioned the late Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*; the late Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago *Times* and the Hon. Joseph Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, who is still in vigorous health, and as bright mentally as he was in the days when his brilliant pen made him a potent ally of Abraham Lincoln in the great moral and physical strife for the maintenance of the Union. Nearly all the active and successful editors of the Chicago press began life in subordinate newspaper positions, including Horatio W. Seymour, of the *Herald*; R. W. Patterson, of the *Tribune*; M. J. Russell, of the *Times*; W. H. Busbey, of the *Inter-Ocean*, and many others. Mr. Dunlop, of the *Dispatch*, is no exception to the rule. Their varied experience in their younger days has given them that knowledge of men and things which, more even than eloquent writing, makes journalism successful, and has made the Chicago newspaper, especially in matters of American interest, foremost upon this continent.

In the matter of foreign intelligence, it must be conceded that the New York press—particularly the *Herald*, the *Times*, the *Tribune* and the *Sun*—takes the lead, but, after all, American citizens are naturally more anxious about their home affairs than about a war in Dahomey; a scandal in Paris, a debate in Berlin, a raid in Central Africa, or a revolution in some obscure commonwealth of South America. The Chicago press deals copiously with foreign news, of general interest, but does not go into it so extravagantly as to slight the record of happenings nearer home.

Mr. Dunlop's new paper has been phenomenally successful considering the short time—a few months—it has been in existence, and its advertising patronage, one of the best guarantees of prosperity, is already very large. But what is most charming about the *Dispatch* is its originality, combined with copious and interesting news. Its typographical "make up" is handsome, and, therefore, attractive. Mr. Dunlop deserves his success, and THE CITIZEN heartily wishes him a continuation and extension of fame and prosperity.

GOV. ALTGELT has appointed John P. Hopkins, Edward T. Noonan and John G. Neumeister officers on his staff.

At the meeting of the National Furniture Dealers' Association, held on Wednesday at Recital Hall, this city, Mr. John M. Smyth was elected president; Mr. J. F. Zang, of Pittsburg, vice-president; Mr. Clark Brockway, of New York, second vice-president; Mr. J. Shaubin, of Butte, Mont., third vice-president, and Mr. W. C. Storey, of Chi-

cago, secretary. THE CITIZEN congratulates the gentlemen on the high honor conferred upon them. The Association was particularly fortunate in the selection of its president, whose name is a synonym of business success and integrity.

MR. EDWARD J. MURPHY, JR., of Troy, N. Y., has been nominated by the Democrats in the New York legislature for senator, to succeed the Hon. Frank Hiscock, of Syracuse. Mr. Murphy belongs to the Tammany organization, and his candidacy was, from the first, opposed by President-elect Cleveland. As the nomination of Mr. Murphy, who is an able man of affairs, and a well-trained politician, is equivalent to an election, Mr. Cleveland and his immediate cronies must feel the reverse of hilarious. Hurrah for the Murphys! They are coming rapidly to the front.

FRANCE has another new ministry, under the leadership of M. Ribot. It seems to us that our friends, the French, are taking the Panama business too much to heart. The Pretenders to the throne are looking on at the faction fight, like buzzards expecting the death of a lion. The lion is the republic. It must live or France will perish.

THE late Peter Schoenhofen, the millionaire brewer of this city, willed $75,000 for various Chicago charities, irrespective of creed.

UNITED STATES SENATOR KENNA, of West Virginia, died of organic heart disease, in Washington, on Tuesday. He had been suffering for a long time, and his death was expected. The Senator was an able man, and a hard worker. He was eminent in the legal progession, and was recognized as the foremost constitutional lawyer of his state. Senator Kenna leaves a young and beautiful wife, and several children of tender years, to mourn his loss.

THE nomination of Mr. M. S. Hyland for Superintendent of Public Service in Cook county, was confirmed by the County Board on Thursday. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mr. Hyland and also the county.

GOVERNOR ALTGELD so far recovered from his recent severe attack of influenza that he was able to go to Springfield on Tuesday and be installed in office, together with the other Democratic State officers. The *Tribune* scored a "scoop" on its contemporaries by a very able and unique "line" illustration of the inaugural ceremonies and the different distinguished persons who bore a part in them.

NOTICE.

THE CITIZEN requests its correspondents, contributors and friends to send in such communications, reports, etc, as they wish to appear in any week of publication, not later than noon on each Wednesday. Unless in rare cases, documents sent in later have to be held over one week, or, if out of date, left unpublished.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. O'C. Roche, City—The person who says that the Irish language is "merely gibberish" is almost too benighted a creature to merit serious reply. The Irish or Gaelic, tongue ranks next to Hebrew in antiquity, and some authorities claim that it is even older than the language of Moses and the Prophets. There are Gaelic chairs in the universities of Edinburgh, Dublin, Maynooth, Heidelberg and several other places. Many German philologists say that Gaelic is the root of several Oriental languages, including the venerable Sanscrit. They have made a study of the language on that account. Among those professors may be mentioned, Kuno Myers, of Berlin—a former instructor of Mr. Washington Hesing of this city; Prof. Windisch, of the Antwerp University and Prof. Rochrig, of Vassar College, N.Y. Gaelic was almost universally spoken in Ireland down to the end of the last century, the descendants of even the Cromwellian and Williamite settlers often preferring it to their Saxon mother tongue. The cause of its recent decay may be justly attributed to the criminal apathy of a large per centage of the Irish people themselves. They allowed their native language to go by default, thereby earning the contempt, rather than the respect, of their enemies. We have known Irish-American girls in this country turn up their noses at the sound of Gaelic and call it "barbarous," while we know others, much more intelligent, although probably not so well off in the world's goods, who have made it a study. And the same girls, who call Gaelic "guttural" and "barbarous," readily take up the study of other foreign languages, much less beautiful, simply because they are not Irish. Our race is cursed by the moral cowardice and flunkeyism of certain members of it, who are afraid, or ashamed, to preserve the traditions of its glory. These are generally to be found among the "new rich" or fashionably pretentious, who desire to shine in non-Irish "sassiety." A practical effort is now being made to revive the Gaelic language in the Irish National Schools. If your friend, as he says, never heard of Gaelic in the Chicago High School, he should remember that that institution, worthy as it is, does not teach everything worth knowing.

"T. Conlon," St. Louis—Abbey Knockmoy, in the county Galway, which is now in process of restoration, was built in the 13th century by Cathal More O'Conor, "of the Wine Red Hand," king of Connacht, to commemorate his victory over Sir Armoric Tristram St. Lawrence a few years before the Abbey was founded. Haverty, the historian, informs us that Knockmoy means "the hill of slaughter" in the Gaelic tongue.

"E. Donleavy," Trinidad—Too late for this week.

COLONEL HARRY DONOVAN.

THE CITIZEN observes with pleasure that its friend Henry F. Donovan, of the Chicago *Eagle*, has been appointed inspector general of the Illinois National Guard by Gov. Altgeld. Mr. Donovan served for five years in the old Second Regiment of Illinois Infantry and attained the responsible rank of sergeant-major. He has a fine, commanding figure, a handsome countenance and a genial manner. He will be an ornament, physically and otherwise, to the military of this State. For the future he will be known as Col. Donovan, which is the rank that goes with his office. In addition, he will receive $2,000 per annum. Harry now owns three eagles, his paper and one on each shoulder. Therefore, he is two ahead of Carter Harrison.

"Oh, there's not a trade a going
Worth showing, or knowing,
Like that from glory growing
With a bowld sojer boy!
There's not a town we march thro'
But ladies looking arch thro'
The window panes will sarch thro'
The ranks to find their joy!

While up the street
Each girl we meet
Will look so sly,
And cry 'My eye!
Oh isn't he a darling
The bowld sojer boy!'

But when we get the route
How they pout, and they shout,
While to the right about
Goes the bowld sojer boy!
'Tis then ladies fair
In despair tear their hair
'For the divil one I care'
Says the bowld sojer boy!'"

OBITUARY.

MRS. HENRY HIGGINS.

Mrs. Nellie Higgins, wife of Mr. Henry Higgins, a well known citizen and a foreman machinist, and daughter of Mr. Timothy O'Sullivan, of the county treasurer's office, was the victim of a sad and fatal accident on New Year's eve. She fell from the piazza of her house, No. 716 West Monroe street, to the ground, a distance of twenty feet, and received injuries which resulted in her death on the morning of the 2d inst. The unfortunate lady never regained consciousness after her fall. She was attended by Drs. Schaeffer, Taggert and MacIntyre, but all their efforts failed to save her life. Mrs. Higgins was in her 26th year, and her goodness of heart and graces of person made her a favorite with all who knew her. She leaves no children, all having died in infancy. Her husband, father, mother and all her relatives are rendered distracted by her sudden and distressful fate. The funeral occurred on the morning of the 4th inst., from the house to St. Malachy's church, where high mass of requium was celebrated by the Rev. Father Wolf. The sermon, which was a most eloquent and touching one, was preached by the pastor, the Rev. Father Thomas P. Hodnett. At the conclusien of the religious services, the remains were re-borne to the hearse by the following pall bearers: Messrs. William Higgins, John O'Donohue, James Farrell, Charles J. O'Connor, Michael Kelly and John Farrell. Over a hundred carriages comprised the funeral cortege, and escorted the relics to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest. Numerous and beautiful floral offerings were sent by friends and relatives.

MR. JOHN FANNING.

On Saturday, Dec. 17 last, there died suddenly at his residence, Philadelphia, Mr. John Fanning, a native of Thurles, Ireland. He came to this country at a very early age, and had been residing in Chicago for five years. For more than twenty years he was a resident of Philadelphia, and always manifested the keenest interest in the welfare of his exiled fellow-countrymen. He was a patriotic Irishman, a devout Catholic and an active member of the A. O. H., having been enrolled in Division No. 6, Philadelphia, Pa. His loss will be widely felt, not alone by the large circle of friends in his adopted city, but by the many friends scattered throughout the United States, as well as by the loved ones in the Old Land. He was one of those gallant Tipperary men, who endeared himself to all who came in contact with him, always doing good, never making an enemy. His brothers and friends in Thurles received a sad shock in the announcement of his sudden demise. His funeral took place on Dec. 20, to the new Cathedral cemetery, Philadelphia, his two brothers, Messrs. Martin and Patrick Fanning, of the Town of Lake, Chicago, being the chief mourners. He leaves one child 7 years of age.

"I, too, shall be gone, but my name
shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters
are broken." M. D.

MR. AUGUSTINE SCIUTTI.

The funeral of Augustine Sciutti, at one time Consul for Italy in Chicago, was held at the Church of the Ascension Tuesday morning. Nearly all of the prominent citizens of the Italian colony attended. The Rev. Father Moreschini, assisted by Fathers G. Timisi and A. Boldi conducted the services. In an address delivered in Italian Father Moreschini commented upon the late Chevalier's generosity to those in need of help. He spoke of his great administrative capacity, of his utter unselfishness. The following acted as pallbearers: Count Manassero, Italian Consul; Frank Gazzolo, John D. Raggio, T. G. Garibaldi, L. Boitano, D. D. Raggio, G. B. Cuneo, John Ginochio, John Cella, James A. Canepa.

MR. PATRICK WOODS.

Last month there died at his residence, No 3301 Wood street, this city, Mr. Patrick Woods, a native of the county Monaghan, Ireland. Born in the year 1810 near the little village of Tydavnet, he succeeded his father in the holding which was farmed by his ancestors for centuries. Like many others of his class, he became the victim of landlord rapacity. Happily, however, his sons all emigrated to this city when they attained to manhood. His eldest son, Mr. James Woods, has been a resident of Chicago for nearly thirty years, and the second son, Mr. John Woods, for over twenty years. All have gained a competence, and had been for several years remitting the rack-rent to satisfy the greedy Lord Plunkett. When, however, in 1880 farming in Ireland was worse than "making bricks without straw," Mr. Woods gave up farming and came to this city with his wife and remaining two children. His wife succumbed to the rigors of the climate here ten years ago, and died in November, 1892. The old man being of stronger build survived to the patriarchal age of 82. The attention and devotion of his children, than which nothing could be nobler, tended to prolong his life; for two years ago his heart was well nigh broken when he beheld from afar the perfidy which shattered, in his opinion, all hopes for the dear old land. The funeral took place from St. Bridget's church, where Father Boufield celebrated the last sad rites, to Calvary cemetery, where he was laid to rest beside the remains of his beloved wife Mary and his beloved son William. The chief mourners were his five sons, James, John, Patrick, Charles and Peter, his brother-in-law, John McKenna, and his two sons-in-law. Besides his seven children eleven of his grandchildren followed his remains to the grave. The pallbearers were Messrs. Michael Woods of Pullman, Michael and James Woods, Nicholas Kirby and John and James McKenna. O'B.

MR. THOMAS FARRELL.

Mr. Thomas Farrell, a well known and respected resident of the West Division, died on Tuesday from heart failure. He was born ninety-three years ago in the county Westmeath, Ireland, and had lived in Chicago thirty-three years, coming here from New York in 1860. He leaves one son, Patrick, from whose residence, No. 15 Broom street, the funeral took place Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, thence by carriages to St. Columbkill's church. The interment was at Calvary.

THE CHICAGO PRESS CLUB.

The Press Club of Chicago held its annual election last Sunday. The nominees of the regular caucus were elected without opposition, each one receiving eighty votes. The newly elected officers are: President, Stanley Waterloo; first vice-president, Montgomery B. Gibbs; second vice-president, Sidney P. Browne; third vice-president, John Fay; treasurer, George Schneider; recording secretary, William Igleheart; financial secretary, I. A. Fleming; librarian, James Maitland; directors, John J. Flinn, J. F. Henderson, Ernest McGaffey, Lincoln Macmillan and Frank A. Vanderlip. Recommended for members of the Auxiliary Association: H. H. Kohlsaat, James W. Scott, Washington Hesing, H. E. O. Heinemann, Charles Dowst, J. B. Waldo, J. E. Wilkie, M. E. Stone, Nate A. Reed, A. T. Packard.

The new administration intends establishing a course of lectures to be given in the Auditorium that will include the most talented lecturers of the world. The club intends building at once a new club house on the site secured on Michigan boulevard, between Madison and Monroe streets. The plans contemplate a building that will be so arranged as to provide quarters for various social clubs. During the coming year many newspaper men will visit Chicago, and it is the intention of the new administration of the Press Club to tender them every possible courtesy.

Going to Organize.

At the request of John Sweetman, M. P., of Ireland, says the *Herald* of Tuesday, a meeting of prominent Irish-Americans was held last night in a club room at the Auditorium hotel. The proceedings of the meeting were kept secret. Two hours were passed in discussion, the result of which was the determination to organize a branch of the Irish Federation of America in Chicago. A committee, of which Judge Moran was made chairman, was named for the purpose of calling another meeting to perfect a permanent organization. The meeting will probably be held next Sunday, but the place and hour of the meeting have not yet been fixed.

Gaelic Athletics.

[*To the Editor.*]

BROOKLYN, Jan. 6.—As the Gaelic Athletic Association of America is absorbing the keenest attention of the sporting public in the cities of New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn, I deem it my duty, as President of the Association in the above mentioned cities, to arrange an international championship, in both hurling and footballing and all-round athletics, between the Gaelic teams of Philadelphia, Chicago, California, Brooklyn, Boston, Jersey City and New York, or any other cities throughout the United States that may have organized Gaelic teams. The undertaking, though at first sight seemingly difficult and impracticable, is on due consideration easy, practicable and patriotic. The money collected at the gates being sufficient to defray the expenses of carrying the competing teams to the different cities makes the project (when worked under a businesslike and united council) both easy and simple, and the reviving of the ancient games of our ancestors in the land of our adoption, is to all generous and sound-thinking Irish-Americans both praiseworthy and patriotic. These few suggestions I consider, if printed in the columns of your well-circulated journal, will be sufficient to put in communication the leaders of the Gaelic Athletic association in the different cities throughout the States. Sincerely soliciting the patronage of your valuable paper, and thanking you in anticipation of publishing the above, I beg to remain yours faithfully,

DANIEL H. LIDDY,
121 Harrison-st., Brooklyn.
President of the G. A. A.

You Can Rely

Upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples and all other diseases caused by impure blood. It eradicates all impurity and tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Athletic Club Election.

At a meeting of the Finerty Athletic and Social Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, P. Quinn; vice-president, J. Fitzgerald; recording secretary, John T. Gibbons; financial secretary, D. J. Callaghan; captain of Hurling team, T. Cronin; vice-captain, D. Maher; captain of the Football team, P. Donohue; vice-captain, R. Morrissy; sergeant-at-arms, J. O'Shea.

Arrangements were then made to hold a grand ball on Saturday evening, Feb. 11; grand entree at 9 o'clock.

T. Shea, Tailor.

126 Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AUGHRIM AND ST. RUTH.

A Resume of the Famous Old Play Which Tells of the Last Great Military Struggle, in a Regular Sense, of Ireland Against England.

Traditions and Facts Connected With the Tragical Story of the Irish Waterloo.

[CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

Waterloo. The scene at the English camp, after the first success of the Irish, is well described. Ginkle calls his council of war, and says to his generals:

"Now I present, great heroes, to your view
The plain of Aughrim, which my gunner drew. (*Shows the map.*)
That, to a hair, their posture does describe,
And shows their camp as it is fortified.
Here, my brave soldiers, you may plainly see
Their right extended all to Urachree—
Their left and centre full two miles contain,
Extending o'er the well-surrounded plain.
Europe can't show a spot thus fortified,
With rivers, hills and bogs on every side.
Then speak, my lords, pronounce your thoughts on sight,
Shall we decline it, or renew the fight?"

The council, after some deliberation, in which Ruvigny rings in the venerable lie—so often statistically contradicted by the best informed writers—that the Irish were "five and twenty thousand, we eighteen," and adds "a bog secures the van, a rivulet behind," decides to continue the battle.

Now, as to the "bog" of Aughrim, it may be as well to say here, as we have seen the ground ourselves, and "the oldest inhabitants" of the region said it was not much altered since their youth, the bog in question was mostly on the left of the Irish position, toward Kilconnell Abbey, and not in its front. The ground at that point is now meadow land, through which runs a small stream, which renders the ground soft—probably impracticable for cavalry—in very wet weather, but which is always passable to people on foot. The summer of 1691 was phenomenally dry—so dry that the English were able to ford the Shannon at Athlone, which enabled them to surprise the Irish town—something they could not have done in any other year within the memory of the oldest man living at the time of the siege. But, as Mr. John Boyle infers in his "Battlefields of Ireland," the English and their allies wanted to make the ground appear more difficult than it was in order to take away the credit of the gallant defense the Irish made of their position. The fact that the Irish infantry repeatedly charged the English and drove them back to their own lines across "the bog" is sufficient proof that the place was passable to the Anglo-Dutch infantry as well. The fact is, the Irish deserved to win at Aughrim, because they fought better than their enemies, and even the defeat due to the cruel accident of St. Ruth's death cannot rob them of their glory. The men who died there for Ireland will ever remain "the truest" if not "the last of the brave." Even our bigoted playwright concedes this much. He makes Sarsfield and St. Ruth both admire the valor of the British in the IVth act, the scene being the plain of Aughrim between both armies at 6 o'clock in the evening.

St. Ruth—"Fortune seems doubtful yet and won't decide
The victory, but favors either side.
Strict to their charge our soldiers hold their ground,
While Mars in pomp surveys the battle round.
Rules all the field like an imperial god
To scourge these Britons with his martial rod."

Sarsfield—"View how the foe, like an impetuous flood,
Break through the smoke, the water and the mud:
They'll surely pass the bog and then contemn
The puissant power of you and all your men." * * *

St. Ruth—"By Heavens they're brave,
'tis pity they should be,
Exposed to hazard, death and massacre:
Heroes they are, my lord." * * *

Then Gen. Dorrington rushes in, with his sword drawn. He says:

"Aughrim is ours! brave Gen. Hostile's (Holstafel) dead,
Who even now Lord Portland's horse did head:
He that ere now triumphant ruled the plain
On a proud steed that did the bit disdain,
Drove all before him till a lucky ball,
Shot with good aim from off the castle wall,
Clove up his skull, and with the mortal wound
I saw him fall all bloody on the ground!"

St. Ruth—"Thanks to the gods, and all the sacred powers,
Heaven now is just and Aughrim shall be ours." * * *

Another scene then opens and several of the English soldiers appear as if running away. The brave Col. Earle tries in vain to stop them, saying, "at the worst, they could but die." He is joined by Gen. Talmash, who cries to the beaten British:

"Stand, cowards, stand, and yet redeem the day:
No hopes are left you, if you run away!" * * *

But they keep running just the same, and then enter Generals Ginkle, MacKay and Ruvigny.

Ginkle cries out:

"Routed!—confusion!—see our centre runs,
Driven by the foe just even with our guns,
Which, rendered useless in the worst of times,
I fear the battle with the day declines.
Never till now (?) could Irishmen maintain
A fight so bloody on a well fought plain:
But let us yet advance, then you will find
They'll fly like atoms severed by the wind." * * *

Then follows much fighting and slaughter, very vigorously described, the English getting generally the worst of it, but always, somehow, taking fresh heart. The appearance of Col. Herbert's ghost—an English ghost in a red coat—greatly embellishes this part of the play. Beside him, the ghost in Hamlet is a very poor specimen. The wraith accuses Sarsfield and Dorrington of murder, which they vigorously deny. In the midst of the discussion St. Ruth, who has been taking a look at the battle, enters and exclaims:

"Courage, my thrice renowned friends, for now
Shall laurels bind each conquering victor's (hero's?) brow;
Once more the English infantry retreats—
Pursue—we'll drive them back to Dublin's gates!
Fall on, my friends, a furious havoc make,
Hew down whole cohorts, but their Ginkle take:
Then, as a terror to the following age,
Like Bajazet, I'll bind him in a cage."

Scene I act V shows the hill of Kilcommodan (with what awe and longing we used to gaze upon it in boyhood!) Sarsfield and Gordon O'Neill enter with drawn swords, and looking sorrowful. Sarsfield who, by the way, was not on the battle face of the hill during the action, if he was on the field at all, says, in solemn tones:

"Aughrim is now no more! St. Ruth is dead!
And all his guards are from the battle fled,
As he rode down the hill he met his fall,
And died a victim to a cannon ball:
With him our lives and fortunes all decay
For now the unthinking cowards (!) fall away."

Here follow dialogue and fighting, but, before the final passage at arms, some Irish soldiers enter bearing the body of St. Ruth, all bloody, on their shoulders. They lay him on the stage and throw a cloak over the remains. Then Sarsfield pronounces his funeral oration, like Antony over the body of Cæsar:

"There let him lie, like Pompey in his gore,
Whose hero's blood enriched the Egyptian shore;
There lies the man whose deeds must ever shine
In Flanders, France and all along the Rhine:
But here, through rashness, he eclipsed them all.
And by his folly wrought Hibernia's fall!

All else that follows may be described as an anti-climax, but, nevertheless, it is graphically, if somewhat rudely, put.

Dorrington, for example, is taken prisoner and submitted to rough usage. Ginkle taunts him. Dorrington, English Jacobite, by-the-way, reproaches him thus:

"Forbear, my lord, nor thus insult my woe,
Is this right usage for a captive foe?
Had but St. Ruth survived the tragic fight
To Dublin gates you would have ta'en your flight,
For know, proud conqueror, by your lordship's leave,
Our soldiers were superior and as brave."

Dorrington is removed by the soldiers on guard, and Ginkle and his generals felicitate each other in extravagant terms. Mackay advocates the sending of all the trophies to Westminster Hall for the edification of the British queen—James' unnatural daughter, Mary, wife of William of Orange. Ginkle replies:

"It shall be done, but, till the morning light
Let our fierce soldiers guard the field of fight,
Let our small arms and thundering cannon
Proclaim our conquest to the vanquished Shannon." * * *

In taking leave of this interesting old play, which commemorates Ireland's greatest modern battle and defeat, we have only to say that the English, with their usual dastardly dishonesty, conceal their own losses, and greatly exaggerate those of their foes. As a matter of fact the English had, according to existing records, more officers killed and wounded at Aughrim than they lost in any one battle of the Peninsular war under Wellington, and nearly as many as at Waterloo. They acknowledge 700 private men killed, and about 1,000 wounded, which is a manifest disproportion—the number of wounded to killed in most general engagements, as every military man knows, being as three or four to one. King James II, speaking of Aughrim in his memoirs, says the Irish, who performed prodigies of valor, "lost near 4,000 men," and the loss of the English was "hardly less." Most of the Irish casualties occurred after the fall of St. Ruth, about sundown. The English had been fighting since noon, with but a short interval, and the ground in front of the Irish position was red with the bodies of their dead and dying, from Aughrim castle to the pass of Urachree—a good mile and a half. The Irish right wing, made up of the Munster contingent, was almost annihilated at Aughrim. The death of the general in chief, and the unaccountable stupidity, or worse, of his lieutenants deprived them of orders, and the left and centre of the Irish army—except the contingent which, under Col. Walter Burke, stubbornly held the castle of Aughrim—were beaten and routed before the brave Mononians became aware of the disaster. In consequence, they were assailed, front, flank and rear, by the victorious enemy, both horse and foot. Nothing remained for them, therefore, but to die with honor, and that they so died even their enemies have acknowledged.

DUNYMON.

Information for Relatives.

The relatives of Dennis Moriarity, of Texas, subsequently of Missouri, and who died recently at Ottumwa, Iowa, may learn something to their advantage by addressing

F. R. BUCKLEY, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Death of Canon Waldron.

On Sunday evening week one of the most popular and respected priests of the archdiocese of Tuam, the Very Rev. Canon Waldron, who was for over twenty years parish priest of his native town, Ballyhaunis, to which he was transferred from Knghagower, near Westport, passed away. As curate and administrator he previously spent nine years in Tuam. He was a man of unostentatious habits, although a profound scholar. In Maynooth he was a distinguished student and was promoted to the Dunboyne establishment. For many years he was the trusted friend and secretary of the late archbishop of Tuam. He had hosts of friends, and they all loved him. In Tuam his name was a household word, and in Ballyhaunis his death has caused universal regret and sorrow. The town and surrounding country are literally in mourning. The people feel they have lost a saintly pastor, a guide and a friend. The deceased left £1,000 toward the building of a convent, and the poor of the town will year after year be the recipients of his generous bounty. The colleges of Tuam and Maynooth will also benefit by his munificence.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Mrs. Joseph Hogan and Miss Lonergan held a reception from 4 until 6 o'clock Wednesday in honor of their sister, Mrs. John Y. McShane, of Omaha, Neb., at 519 West Monroe street. Yellow roses, white carnations and palms decorated the parlors. Music was furnished by a mandolin orchestra. Those who assisted in receiving and entertaining were: Mesdames Thomas Lonergan, W. S. Snowhook and W. C. P. Palmer. Those who poured tea and chocolate were: Mesdames Salisbury, Will Wells, E. D. Salisbury, Newton, Misses Pinkerton, Pearson.

La Gala Club gave its third progressive party Monday evening, Jan. 9, at the residence of the Misses Conroy, No. 667 Walnut street. Those present were: Misses K. Kennedy, Fitz-Gerald, Gillane, Minnie Conroy, L. Kenney, M. B. Sullivan, Heggie, Cameron, Markham, K. Conroy. Messrs. Heggie, D. Moloy, W. F. McCarthy, Egan, J. Furlong, R. Scammonds, J. Cameron, W. McDevitt, John Gillane.

Several West Side young ladies have formed a club called the Young Ladies' Monday Assemblies, and have arranged to give entertainments every two weeks at Owsley Hall. A bonnet and necktie party was given Monday evening. This was the first of the series. The ladies made the neckties and the men the bonnets, prizes being taken by Miss Hart and Dr. Quirk. The young ladies who belong to the club are: Misses Mamie Burns, Kittie Hart, Sadie Oliver, G. McMahon, Lena Quirk, Mollie Quirk. The chaperons are Mrs. T. Scully and Mrs. John J. Sweenie. Among the forty guests present Monday evening were: Misses Delia Conley, Forrest, Mamie Boyce, Bush. Messrs. P. Nach, Harry Walsh, Jr., Cummings, T. Walsh.

POLICEMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Policemen's Benevolent Association was held Sunday afternoon at Battery D. There were present all told 274 delegates and trustees, representing forty-two police precincts. The reports of the secretary and treasurer showed a membership of 2,116, an increase of 500 for the year. Twenty deaths have occured, in each case the family receiving $2,000. The cost for membership has been $12 apiece for the year. The balance on hand Dec. 31 was $8,420.68, as against $6,813.17 a year ago; $25,208.05 was made out of the annual theatrical benefit. The question of appointing an examining physician was decided by the adoption of a resolution that the certificate of any reputable physician should render the applicant for membership physically eligible. The limit of age was fixed at 40 years, it having been 45. It was provided that to be eligible professionally a man must be a member of the police department of Chicago, according to the laws and ordinances of Chicago. The last phrase is intended to debar men who become superior officers without having first "carried timber" according to law. No action was taken on the pension matter. In the election of officers considerable interest was manifested. For president it was patrolman against superior officer, and resulted as follows:

President, Patrolman Thomas Meany; vice-president, L. K. Colleran; treasurer, Michael Brennan; financial secretary, L. Stokes; recording secretary, Daniel Hogan.

President Meany has been in the service eighteen years, and has never had a charge preferred against him. Treasurer Brennan has held the offie for ten consecutive years. The retiring president, Lieut. William Dollard, was voted $100. After some speech making the meeting was adjourned.

Wanted,

An industrious Catholic lady or gentleman to represent our new book just published, "The Columbian Jubilee, or, Four Centuries of Catholicity in America." Published with the approbation of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago. Write for circulars and all information to the publishers,

J. S. HYLAND & Co.,
323-325 Dearborn. street, Chicago, Ill.

H. F. DELNO & Co.,
Columbus, Ohio. July 3rd, 1892.

GENTLEMEN:—My plating machine received, everything in perfect order and works perfectly. I unpacked it and commenced at once and plated seven breast pins and a ring in a short time. I am delighted with the work. People are bringing all the forks, spoons, watches, jewelry, etc., that I can plate. Enclosed find $5 for one plater for my cousin. More orders soon.

Write above firm for circulars.

A. KRIVER.

The continual succession of boils, pimples and eruptions from which many suffer, indicates an impure state of the blood. The most effective remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It expels the poison harmlessly through the natural channels, and leaves the skin clean and clear.

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, good resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines on the C. R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. Will have also a railroad division station, roundhouse and machine shops employing nearly 100 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more Catholic people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $40 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

At Christmas time the fields are white
And hill and valley all bedight
With snowy splendor, while on high
The black crows sail athwart the sky,
Mourning for summer days gone by
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time the air is chill
And frozen lies the babbling rill;
While sobbingly the trees make moan
For leafy greenness once their own,
For blossoms dead and birdlings flown
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time we deck the hall
With holly branches brave and tall,
With sturdy pine and hemlock bright,
And in the yule log's dancing light
We tell old tales of field and fight
At Christmas time.

At Christmas time we pile the board
With flesh and fruit and vintage stored,
And mid the laughter and the glow,
We tread a measure soft and slow,
And kiss beneath the mistletoe
At Christmas time.

O God, and Father of us all,
List to thy lowliest creature's call,
Give of thy joy to high and low,
Comfort the sorrowing in their woe,
Make wars to cease and love to grow
At Christmas time.

Let not one heart be sad today,
May every child be glad and gay,
Bless thou thy children great and small,
In lowly hut or castle hall,
And may each soul keep festival
At Christmas time.

—New York Tribune.

TYPEWRITTEN.

When a man has battled with poverty all his life, fearing it as he fought it, feeling for the skinny throat to throttle it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich, it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy he became even more sobered than usual, and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it. The man who brought him the news had no idea he had told Denham anything novel. He merely happened to say, "You are a rich man, Mr. Denham, and will never miss it."

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked of him, and his visitor departed gratefully, leaving the merchant with something to ponder over. He was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if some one had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all his own accumulating, but his struggle had been so long, and he had been so hopeless about it, that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops at New Orleans fought a fierce battle not knowing the war was over. He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the invariable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family.

All had accepted their lot with uncomplaining resignation, until Richard resolved he would at least have a fight for it. And now the fight has been won. Denham sat in his office staring at the dingy wall paper so long that Rogers, the chief clerk, put his head and said in a deferential voice:

"Anything more tonight, Mr. Denham?"

Denham started as if that question in that tone had not been asked him every night for years.

"What's that, what's that?" he cried.

Rogers was astonished, but too well trained to show it.

"Anything more tonight, Mr. Denham?"

"Ah, quite so. No, Rogers, thank you, nothing more."

"Good night, Mr. Denham."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Good night, Rogers, good night."

When Mr. Denham left his office and went out into the street everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked along, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it. He saw handsome carriages; he, too, might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage. He began to realize how utterly alone in the world he was. He had no friends, no acquaintances even. The running dog, with its nose to the ground, sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew men in a business way of course, and doubtless each of them had a home in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man by the shoulders and say to him: "Invite me to your house. I am lonesome; I want to know your people."

If he got such an invitation he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting room and its language, but the drawing room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken. On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go back for it. Only the day before he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, allude to him as "the old man." He felt as young as ever he did, but the phrase so lightly spoken made him catch his breath.

As he was now walking through the park and away from the busy streets he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair, looking at his hand when he did so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of a girl he knew once, who perhaps would have married him if he had asked her, as he was tempted to do. But that had always been a mistake of the Denhams. They had all married young except himself and so sunk deeper into the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly increasing progeny. The girl had married a baker, he remembered. Yes, that was a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong when he called him an old man.

Suddenly another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different indeed from the one who had married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter. Miss Gale was pretty of course—all typewriter girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she belonged to a good family who had come down in the world. Her somewhat independent air deepened this conviction and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl, who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the expertness of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not?" he asked himself. There was no reason against it except that he had not the courage. Nevertheless he formed a desperate resolution.

Next day business went on as usual. Letters were answered and the time arrived when Miss Gale came into see if he had any further commands that day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal, yet he knew that he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else. In the first place, he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home, and in the second place, he knew if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. It must either be at his office or nowhere.

"Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last; "I wanted to consult you about a matter—about a business matter."

Miss Gale seated herself and automatically placed on her knee the shorthand writing pad, ready to take down his instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair.

"I am thinking," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact it has been for some time."

"Yes?" said Miss Gale interrogatively.

"Yes. I think I should have a partner. It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers? He knows more about business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man, but—it is not Rogers."

"Then I think in an important matter like this Mr. Rogers, or some one who knows the business as thoroughly as he does, would be able to give advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner, if the partner is willing."

Denham mopped his brow. It was going to be even more difficult than he had anticipated.

"Is it then a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and—and has been."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner who brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, if that is the case, I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't understand either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now what I want to consult you about is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused nor give offense."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him? What him?"

"To your future partner about the proposal?"

"No, no. Oh, no. That is—I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

"Certainly not. It's none of Rogers' business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up.

"How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I—I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis then!"

"Well—I can hardly say. On a personal basis perhaps. I rather hope that the person—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale, mercilessly.

"Certainly. Friendly, of course—and perhaps more than that."

Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here or anywhere else that would be convenient and then discuss the matter?"

Denham looked frightened.

"I thought of that, but it wouldn't do. No it wouldn't do. I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you. There seem to be so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I knew no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you it will please me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but after a few moments she said, "How will this do?"

"Dear sir"——

"Wait a moment!" cried Mr. Denham; "that seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put it 'Dear friend?'"

"If you wish it so." She crossed out the "sir" and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter:

"DEAR FRIEND—I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is, and has been for several years, very prosperous, and as I shall require no capital from you I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I will"——

"I—I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham, with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything, and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale, defiantly.

"Better put it on the friendly basis, as you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything, Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want it. I knew I could not write one that would please you."

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing first rate—better than I could do. But just put it on the friendly basis."

A moment later she read:

——"join me in this business. I make you this offer entirely from a friendly and not from a financial standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me."

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No. I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short, typewritten, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted."

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll add that, though. 'Yours truly,' or 'Yours very truly?'"

"You might end it 'Your friend.'"

The rapid click of the typewriter was heard for a few moments in the next room and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no," answered Mr. Denham with evident trepidation.

The young woman said to herself: "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It's a most unbusinesslike proposal."

Then she said aloud, "Shall you want me again today?"

"No, Miss Gale, and thank you very much."

Next morning Miss Gale came into Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me, and that perhaps you did not need me today. But I saw at once that you put it in the wrong envelope. Did you want me today?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Mr. Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly.

She backed away from him.

"Answer it?" she repeated faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice, I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the door knob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations"——

"Oh," cried Miss Gale in a long drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used and fled to her typewriting room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few minutes, then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back."

"Very well."

He went into his room and found a letter marked "Personal" on his desk. He tore it open and read in neatly typewritten characters:

I have resigned my place as typewriter girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently need a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address. Your friend,

MARGARET GALE.

"Rogers!" shouted Denham, joyfully.

"Yes, sir," answered the estimable man, putting his head into the room.

"Advertise for another typewriter girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.—Robert Barr in Detroit Free Press.

GRAPE GROWING.

THOUSANDS OF BASKETS OF FRUIT SHIPPED EACH YEAR.

Chautauqua County's Grape Belt—Growth of the Industry and Its Satisfactory Profits—A French Nobleman's Prophetic Forecast.

About fifty years ago, as the story is told by some of Chautauqua's older residents, a young French nobleman on a visit to America happened in the region of Chautauqua county. He became infatuated with the waters of Lake Erie, the beautiful hills that slope gently toward it from the receding country, and over which breezes saturated with the fragrance of Chautauqua's vegetation and imbibed with the purities of Chautauqua lake gently pass. He claimed that this region was especially adapted for the raising of grapes, and prophesied that in the future it would be notable for that industry. At the time this statement was made it was not generally supposed that it would be demonstrated as it has been in the last ten or fifteen years, but that it would pass on and take its place among the scores of other prophetic remarks that had been made relative to the same subject.

The Chautauqua grape belt, as it has long been known, is a strip of territory that extends along the shores of Lake Erie for about fifty miles, averaging in width from two to four miles. It has long been known as a fine fruit growing country, owing to the peculiar climatic and other natural advantages that it enjoys. It is constantly under the vigil of Lake Erie and under the protection of the hills that overlook it.

The broad, shallow basin of Lake Erie retains the heat that is collected during the long, hot summer until late in the fall, and the breezes that issue from it continually are moistened with its warmth, thereby preventing the frosts of early fall that have already killed the vegetation over the hills from depositing their destructive influence on the grape crop and allowing the vines to ripen their sweet juices. They also prevent fogs and many other detrimental influences that are injurious to the fruit where still, damp days are prevalent. It is to this peculiarity that the grape industry owes its success. In the spring also the lake, with its crust of ice, distributes its cold breezes on the vines, and this retards the opening of the buds until all danger of frost is past. The soil also is another important factor in the successful growing of grapes.

The inhabitants of this belt were for a long time in ignorance of the superior facilities with which they were supplied. Small fields of grapes were set out, but owing to the absence of good care and sufficient attention they failed to reward the owners for their toil, and therefore they uprooted their vines and raised something that was more profitable and for which they could find a more ready market. There were among this number, however, some that were more persistent, and it is to these that the idea of grape growing in this locality owes its origin. They tried repeatedly to produce them, invented methods of cultivation, devoted time and attention to it, and their efforts were ultimately crowned with success. Their grapes began to be in demand, not only locally, but in all parts of the country.

At the present time there are about 16,000 acres of vineyards in bearing in this county, and between 4,000 and 5,000 more planted and growing. This immense increase in acreage is owing to the confidence that is placed in the product; three years' crop will entirely pay for the vineyard, including labor and land, and there is never a year when a vineyard of Concords will not yield a profitable crop. It is sincerely advanced by many men engaged in this industry that in the future every available piece of property in the grape region, except just sufficient to provide crops for the subsistence of the people, will be devoted to the culture of grapes, and that the whole line of vision from northeast to Silver Creek on any of the various railroads will be an almost unbroken expanse of vineyards, stretching out from the hills that border on Chautauqua lake to the blue waters of Lake Erie.

The larger number of vineyards consist of from five to ten acres, and are maintained more for the purpose of personal luxury and amusement than for financial results. Next to these are vineyards consisting of from twenty-five to thirty-five acres. On these whole families find occupation, and if properly cared for they will yield an income of from $1,200 to $1,800 annually. Above these are several vineyards of from fifty to 100 acres, the largest two in the county being those of R. J. Quale, of Silver Creek, and the Hanover Grape company. They consist of 110 and 106 acres respectively. They are about a mile from Silver Creek and are within a short distance of each other. They present a beautiful spectacle with their long, straight rows stretching out for a mile on each side of the road, and one that cannot be realized by persons who have never seen it.

The time required for a vineyard to bear is three years, at the end of which time, if it has not been neglected, it will yield a fair amount of fruit; it increases until the seventh year, when, if it has been properly pruned and cultivated, it is said to be in full bearing. It is then in condition to bear, varying slightly with age, for fifty years. Thus it will be seen that there is no crop which responds more generously to the good care and careful attention of the farmer than the grape.—Cor. New York Times.

Told in Confidence.

"You know that story I told you about Harry and myself in confidence?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's all over town."

"I don't see how it ever got out. I only told ten or a dozen people."—Harper's Bazar.

On the Qui Vive.

Sentry—Halt! Who goes there?
Burglar—Nobody.
Sentry—Pass on!—Lustige Blatter.

From a New Point of View.

"For years," said a steady churchgoer, "I had been sitting in the same pew and in the same seat—the end seat by the aisle. Usually the other places are occupied by members of my family, for we all attend church pretty regularly, but one Sunday recently, when for one reason and another they had all stayed at home, I sat in my pew alone. Seeing plenty of room there, the usher brought to sit with me a stranger. I was of course glad to welcome him. I did not get up and step out into the aisle so that he might pass in by me, but I moved along to the other end of the pew and let him sit in my place. When I had seen him comfortably seated and handed him a hymnbook and had turned toward the pulpit again I was surprised to find that everything in the church seemed new and strange to me. For a long time I had been accustomed to seeing the backs of the heads of my friends and neighbors who sit in front of me and the sides of their faces from a certain point of view.

"I saw them now from another point of view, and they all seemed to look very differently. I saw children who appeared from their demeanor to be regular attendants at church, but whom I had never noticed there before. They had been there of course, but my view of them had been cut off by the heads and shoulders of other persons. The preacher appeared to me in another light, and it seemed as though his sermon, coming as it did along a new angle, came with new power. Indeed it was almost like visiting a new church. The fact is that we are all such creatures of habit that we are apt to be surprised if we depart even a little way from the road we are accustomed to travel."—New York Sun.

Uses for Dudes.

The plain, everyday young man, with a superfluity of cheek and deficiency of chin, who seems to have been born with a tooth for buckhorn, was born for some good purpose, no doubt, though it is hard to tell just what it is.

A western gentleman who runs a country newspaper at home has been in New York recently and thinks he has made a valuable discovery. He saw one of these young men in a doorway of Delmonico's, standing there sucking his cane gloomily and looking almost human.

"We can't get any servant girls in my town," said the westerner. "Our best people have to do all their own work, though they are willing and able to pay for having it done. All the new generation of girls out our way have been sent to high school, normal school and college, and are educated way out of sight of the kitchen and would faint at a washtub. Now that young man over there looks as if he might be taught housework. He could at least mind the baby while the old woman worked. I understand you have lots of those fellows here. You call them 'chippies' or 'chappies.' There doesn't seem to be much prospect of making men out of them. Why not turn in and make women out of them? If that fellow would only go out west with me I'd give him a good place where he could cook, wash dishes, tend baby and make himself a useful and happy citizen and get good wages too."—New York Herald.

Some Historic Places.

The walls of Kilcolman castle, built by Raleigh for Spenser, are still standing. The state drawing room in which the poet is said to have written the "Faery Queen" is used as a stable, and a cow touches the opposite walls with her horns and tail.

The castle of Chillon, commanding an important mountain pass, was for ages a favorite fortress of the dukes of Savoy. The stranger passes through the dungeons below the lake where Bonnivard was chained and where other prisoners starved to death up to the unaired, damp little rooms above, and is tempted to think that the royal dukes were not much more comfortably housed than their enemies.

"But," argues the triumphant foreigner, "if your houses are large and luxurious, with modern appliances, think of the immortal deeds which ennobled these cramped closets and narrow closes!"

Not all the courage of men is spent; not all the laurel crowns have been won! Smith, of New York, or Jones, of Tacoma, in his comfortable, commonplace home, is quite as likely to justify his right to live by lofty aims and noble acts as was any Sidney or Bourbon.—Youth's Companion.

Art in Children's Toys.

The tendency to do everything better than formerly is again shown in the wonderful toy animals offered at fairs and exchanges.

In the infancy of this art rabbits and elephants of white and gray canton flannel, with shoe buttons for eyes and abnormally developed legs which yet often failed to support the stuffed bodies dependent upon them, were the highest specimens seen. Now, however, realistic animals, carefully fashioned from drawings from life, animals of natural symmetry and proportions, that stand properly and are made of colors admirably imitating the skin or fur with which the living model is provided—these are the present results. The nicety of the work in detail secures a really wonderful effect as a whole.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Must Earn His Fee.

Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer.

"Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is anything radically wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink anything stronger than coffee, and you'll be all right in a week."

"What! Are you not going to give me any medicine?"

"Certainly not. You don't need it."

"But you get your money just the same."

"Yes. Just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. S'posin you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and gimme a dose of salts. Everybody that works for me's got to earn his salary."—London Tit-Bits.

A WEALTHY BAREFOOT BOY.

A Physician's Son Who Goes Stockingless Summer and Winter.

The indignation of the passengers on a western Maryland railroad train was somewhat unnecessarily excited near Baltimore by the unusual spectacle of a richly clad boy of five or six years, whose legs and feet were perfectly bare, although the winter morning was a cold one. The child was accompanied by his mother and sister, both of whom were richly dressed, and the sudden conclusion was formed by the passengers that the family had spent so much money in wraps, dresses and coverings for the bodies and shoulders of the elders that nothing had been left wherewith to provide a protection from the inclemency of the weather for the boy's extremities.

The appearance and conduct of the three, which indicated culture, wealth and, on the part of the mother, parental solicitude for the welfare of her offspring, and on the part of the boy perfect content and comfort and apparent obliviousness to the fact that his feet and ankles were bare, hardly seemed to accord with the hastily formed suspicion of the curious spectators. On inquiry it was ascertained that the boy was the son of a prominent physician who had lost one child after another with throat diseases until he hit upon the idea of turning his children out barefooted, as children went before stockings and shoes, which retain the moisture of the foot and the moisture of the ground, were invented.

The physician's experiment proved to be a perfect success. The barefooted boy was the picture of health. At Union station he ran up the cold boards and ice covered bricks laughing and singing and totally unaware of any discomfort. By adopting the barefoot method the Maryland physician has succeeded in raising a family of healthy boys and girls. Winter and summer his children of both sexes have gone shoeless and stockingless. People look on with curiosity and amazement, but the doctor is perfectly satisfied with the results.

Indian mothers made their babies hardy by plunging them in the ice covered streams. Physicians of today say that the best remedy for cold feet is to plunge them into cold water. The warmth, comfort and exhilaration which come from the attraction of the blood to the extremities exceed any physical delight to be extracted from toasting one's toes at the open fire, the register or the steam radiator. It seems to be Mother Nature's way of teaching us that we must endure before we enjoy and that the greatest joy comes through endurance.—Baltimore American.

Smoking Not So Dangerous After All.

The coroner of St. Louis has "knocked out" one superstition of the doctors and explains himself thus:

I think I have knocked one superstition completely out. This is the belief that inveterate smoking causes heart disease. Out of a total of 460 deaths due to heart trouble that have come under my observation during the last two years, only two of the victims were regular smokers. Drink caused the largest portion of those diseases, and so the deaths. Fifteen years ago, when I was back in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, a doctor told me that I would be a dead man within two years unless I quit smoking. My heart was affected, he said, and the tobacco, by increasing the organ's movement, aggravated the malady.

Six years ago that same physician passed through this city on the way to Colorado for his health. He was almost a complete wreck, and his heart was in a very bad state. I happened to meet him, and almost the first thing he said was, "You quit smoking long ago, I suppose." "Well, scarcely," I replied. "I smoke now on an average twenty-five cigars a day and never felt better in my life." You never saw such an astonished man in your life. To make a long story short, I got that man to smoke a cigar, and before the morning was over he had smoked five. Tobacco put him on the up road to health again, and he is living yet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rolling an Empty Barrel.

One of the interesting spectacles of the streets adjacent to the great markets of this town is the feats of barrel rolling performed by predatory boys, mostly Italians. It may seem an easy thing to roll a barrel along a crowded sidewalk, without doing aught that shall bring down the disapproval of the police, but it isn't. The Italian gleaner tips his barrel, open end up, at an angle of thirty degrees or less, and whirls it along by deft touches with one hand at the inner edge of the rim. A barrel thus treated by a clever lad can be sent along for blocks with only an occasional touch from the other hand. Even at curbs and crossings the skillful roller keeps his barrel going with one hand. There is never a collision with the ordinarily careful pedestrian, and the line of advance, when the pavement is clear, is straight as the crow flies.—New York Sun.

The Blue Color of the Sky.

The blue color of the sky is probably merely the color of the air seen through a length of about forty-five miles. It has been observed by those who have ascended about five miles above the earth's surface that the sky appears of a dark, inky hue, owing to the very small reflection and dispersion of the light, while the blue color no longer appears above, but below them. Similarly the blue color of distant hills is owing to the same cause. Del Meer believed that were it possible for a man to ascend to a height of ten miles he would find himself in total darkness, even though it were bright noonday on the earth below him.—St. Louis Republic.

Pitiful Paragraphs.

Nothing in the newspapers is more pitiful than the constantly recurring paragraphs which contain the last letters of a suicide. The pathos of them is not obscured by the absurd inadequacy of the reasons which they only too often advance for self destruction.—Boston Globe.

A SONNET OF MICHAEL ANGELO'S.

Now hath my life across a stormy sea,
  Like a frail bark, reached that wide port where all
Are bidden, ere the final reckoning fall
  Of good and evil for eternity.
Now know I well how that fond phantasy
  Which made my soul the worshiper and thrall
Of earthly art in vain; how criminal
  Is that which all men seek unwillingly.
Those amorous thoughts which were so lightly dressed—
  What are they when the double death is nigh?
The one I know for sure, the other dread.
Painting nor sculpture now can lull to rest
  My soul, that turns to his great love on high,
  Whose arms to clasp us on the cross were spread.
—Symond's "Life of Michael Angelo."

A WESTERN STORY.

Oh, the dreariness of the prairie! How vast it was; never ending it seemed to Clare, as she stood in the doorway of their adobe cottage and gazed sadly off toward the northwest, where a herd of sheep could be seen.

"How can they live on the dry grass, and how can Charlie even pretend to like it, the horrible, lonely life in such desolation and isolation! Hush, baby, dear, I am coming. How the mosquitoes and flies tease and torment him, poor little withering blossom—for even he has felt the blight."

The sun rose higher; the wind blew harder, and it seemed to have a touch of fire.

"I wonder why baby's cheeks are so red; can he be seriously ill? Papa won't be in until evening, darling; mamma will do the best she can."

Charlie Dean wondered why no wife was visible as he approached home; wondered more why no smoke issued from the chimney, as was usual at supper time. Had anything happened, he wondered, hastening his naturally slow steps.

The scene that met his gaze as he entered his home was one never to be forgotten.

His wife—his pretty little girlish wife he had brought from her city home—lay back in the wooden rocker white and still, while the baby, the little six-months-old Walter, was motionless within her arms, and the sweet face wore a look the horrified father understood.

"Clare! Clare!" he cried brokenly. "Baby—oh, my loved ones!"

Then Clare opened her eyes and permitted him to place the child in its cradle—a cradle he had made out of a wooden box.

In a voice he scarcely recognized she said:

"You knew the life I was to share out here; why did you not tell me?"

"But he seemed well this morning—well as he has been lately, I mean. Oh, I never expected this! The ranch is no lonelier than hundreds of others. I never thought"——

"No, but you have had to think now. He died an hour ago. I could not leave him to seek you—it did not matter after that. I'll never forgive you for bringing me out to this."

"Clare! You knew I owned the ranch. You knew I was poor."

"I never guessed what it would be, especially in a case like this," pointing to her child. "I little realized what it was to be a woman."

* * * * * *

"Let her sulk," he said, "she enjoys it. Anyway, I'll find other friends."

And he did. He secured the services of a boy in whose care he left the sheep, and went off almost daily to a little town, a pleasant ride for him of only fifteen miles. When there, his place of lounging can be easily guessed.

"It's Clare's doings," he mused; "women like to send men to the dogs."

If Clare saw anything more than usual she remained silent. Sometimes when he came home almost too stupid to talk he caught a glimpse of contempt in the cold eyes of his wife. Her silence was fairly maddening.

"Why don't she howl and storm like other women?" he muttered. "She never even wept over the baby. I'd give a good deal to see her cry just once."

The summer had gone and winter had come; as usual on Saturday morning, Charlie had ridden away in the direction of the town without a word of farewell.

"Two years ago," said Clare bitterly, "he sought me in that cozy home of my aunt', with its soft carpets, its loving friends, and he persuaded me to marry him and come out to this dreary place, where he has even forgotten to be humane."

Then glancing toward the northwest she saw a mass of clouds lying, a threatening aspect growing over all the sky.

"There's a storm coming and I'm glad. One of the freaks in my makeup is that I like storms, particularly now. Had I been a timid lass I would long since have died of fright. I have felt sometimes even a bear coming in at the door would be a change," and Clare smiled sadly as the masses of black clouds increased and the wind tore around the little mud ranch with frightful violence.

* * * * * *

"Don't detain me, boys. I must go home!"

"Impossible in such a storm as this. You'd be dead in less than an hour. Take things coolly, Charlie. Why, it's the first time I ever saw you anxious. Your wife's all right; being snowed in a few days don't surprise folks in these parts."

"But—she's—out—of—flour; she made biscuits this morning, and there was only enough—and she"——

"Oh, ho, she's got other things, trust a woman for that; there's canned fruit, dried corn, there's beans and—no danger of her suffering. Anyway you can't help her; an army could not force its way over those miles."

"God forgive me!" thought Charlie Dean, his face in his hands, "and God help her, for I know how precious little the small house contains. I've seen her hunting among the weeds for something green to help out the salt pork and bread. I know how she's tried to cook something we could eat when I brought her home almost nothing. She may have something for dinner—after that—Oh, heavens, boys, I must go home!" he cried aloud.

"You'll not go a quarter of a mile before you'll be dead, and then your wife will have no help from you, and by and by the expense of burying you—if the wolves don't find you."

Such a storm had not been known for years even in that country where frightful storms were common.

Four days from the time Charlie Dean had left home he slowly and persistently forced his way back through heavy snowdrifts until with trembling fingers he raised the latch of his door and entered.

Blinded by the snow, he could see nothing at first, but by and by he became conscious of the cold hearth, the awful silence and that the little house was empty. It did not even hold a corpse.

The wearied man sank down upon a chair and gazed about him blankly, despairingly.

The bed was neatly made, the floor swept, everything was placed in its usual orderly fashion, and her dress hung upon the wall near him—the old brown calico she had worn the last time he had seen her.

"Gone," he said dazedly; "gone."

Just then one of the boys, who had felt strange misgivings and had followed him, entered.

"What did you say, Charlie? Is she gone? Why, that couldn't be; she'd never be such a fool as to venture out in that storm. If she did—poor fellow, he's fainted!"

It was some time before Charlie Dean revived. He was very weary, and the awfulness of what had been through his neglect quite overpowered him.

"There, you're better now," said his friend. "What do you think could have caused her to leave the house, and where did she go?"

"I don't know, unless to the stable. I had left a little corn there."

"Charlie," said his friend sternly, "you never left your wife in such a condition?"

But Charlie only nodded.

"I expected to be home, you know—but don't look at me like that! I'm punished enough! She's dead somewhere under the snow, my poor little Clare!"

They failed to find her. No corn was missing, it is true, but they found nothing to so much as to point the way whither she had gone.

Charlie Dean was a changed man once more. To his boon companions he said goodby, and many of them never forgot the silent pain in his eye, the anguish that his whole face expressed.

"It's not going to kill him," said the friend who had been watching him to see that he did nothing rash. "No, it's going to make such a man out of him as we never dreamed of. The one thing now that has possession of him is work, in order that he may forget. It's a good medicine. I think I'll try some myself."

Three years later, well to do, with money to spare, for none of it was ever squandered now, Charlie Dean once more sought the faraway city where he had first met and won his wife.

A strange longing had come over him to once more see that place, and travel stained and bronzed he walked by the house almost expecting to hear her touch upon the piano and the sound of her sweet voice.

Bewildered, amazed, half believing himself out of his head, he did hear her voice once more.

"There's a man drunk leaning on the fence," he heard a strange voice exclaim.

Then the playing ceased, and a voice that almost caused him to faint a second time responded:

"Drunken men are only too common. Let him alone. Some policeman will be along presently."

Then the music struck up again, this time into a wild galop, as if the player's thoughts were running away with her.

"But he's still there," continued the strange voice. "He's peculiar looking. Do look out, Clare. I declare I feel nervous."

Charlie stood up squarely now, pushed his hat back slightly and looked full and straight into the eyes of his wife.

She fell back with a cry, the place was empty, and scarcely knowing what he did Charlie was turning away when some one came flying down those steps and—and, yes, had her hand in his, and in a tearful voice was saying: "Charlie, oh, Charlie! You've come at last!"

"I want to know," he said when in the cozy parlor still clinging to her hand, "I want to know how you got away from the ranch during that awful storm."

Clare flushed, but answered unhesitatingly:

"I was a good walker. I felt no fear of the storm. You had left me almost nothing to eat, and I really thought I should lose my mind if I remained there many more days all alone.

"I took the little money I still possessed and started soon after you did, only I went in an opposite direction. I had scarcely reached the main trail when a two horse wagon came dashing up, the man—a stranger, but God bless him, for he saved my life—jumped out and snatched me up before I could say 'by your leave,' and away we tore like mad. The horses were very strong and swift, and we seemed to be outriding the storm. We reached shelter at last, just before its fury broke, and I thanked him as best I could. Then, when the roads were clear, I started for my old home, but I had to stop and work awhile before I got here. Aunt has never heard all the story; I couldn't talk of some things."

"I thought you dead," said Charlie. "I—if you could know how I have suffered. Oh, Clare, I don't suppose you could forgive!"

"I forgave you long ago. I was some to blame. I ought to have tried to have been happier. I wrote to your old home, but they told me you had gone away."

"Shall we begin over, Clare—for when you were gone I found out how I loved you?"

"Oh, yes, and wherever you go I'll try to make that home happy."

"And I'll see that it is a home in which to be happy," answered Charlie, with a tremble in his voice.—Abbie C. McKeever in Yankee Blade.

HIS RAILROAD FRIEND.

A Case in Which Cash, Not Friendship, Won the Day for an Actor.

Probably the funniest experience I ever played part in while traveling was the one that occurred in Kansas City two or three seasons ago, when a nice, smooth faced, brotherly restaurant keeper nearly succeeded in holding me prisoner for the night, and I am not prepared to state what he might have done with me next day.

I won a big bet that day, and had proceeded with a number of my friends to the largest cafe in town, where I had invited them to assist in the destruction of my newly born roll after the play.

Well, we arrived at the restaurant in good form. In the party were three ladies and three gentlemen, just making up a nice table. The proprietor saw us coming, and meeting us at the door, led the way to the table he had prepared for us as agreed earlier in the day. Of course this table was pretty well decorated and the people about the cafe, which was crowded, were anxious to know who I was, as I seemed to be the leader.

"What, that fellar there?" inquired the proprietor, after an inquiry had been addressed to him. "Oh, he's an old friend of mine; uster go ter school tergether. But he's the president of the Union Pacific now, just in town for a day or so, dining at my place every night."

I don't know whether it was intended we should hear this or not, but we could not help hearing it, and the boys offered a toast to their friend the president.

Finally discovering that the waiters were secretly falling asleep on the backs of their chairs and that, the hour being late, the other guests were leaving, we had one more toast and then prepared to depart. My friends stepped outside, where they were to await me after I had dispensed of some of my stock, being a railroad president, and I walked up to the restaurateur, feeling in my pockets for my roll, which seemed to be playing hide and seek with me.

Finally I had to admit that I couldn't find a cent.

"What!" said my schoolmate friend, "this is a fine thing to do. Yer can't play a trick like this with me. Yer know bloody well yer had no money in yer clothes when yer walked in here."

I tried to remonstrate with him and recalled our going to school together. This rather touched him for a moment, but proved to be only while he was inventing a way out of it, and as I expected he announced it a case of mistaken identity and disowned me for being "his railway president friend who went to school with him."

"Now you can just seat yourself right here and let the people look at the biggest skin in town until yer find money ter pay yer bill," and the people all looked with a vengeance.

Just then in walked one of my friends, who must have been standing near by, as he knew the situation perfectly. He stepped up to the proprietor, paid the bill out of a good life sized roll and handed me the remainder. Then I caught on, but said nothing until I got him outside.—Nat Goodwin in New York Press.

Paid for Being Sung To.

Who hasn't heard the song "Georgie?" If it's you it must be because you do not dare to trust yourself in concert halls.

No one there will touch you, steal you or do anything to shock you. All the trouble that may come to you will depend entirely on yourself.

"Georgie" is the song the cafe chantant chanteuse sings to the bass viol player in the orchestra. He, unhappy man, is the pretended object of her affection. She addresses him in such burning terms of endearment that the audience howl with delight, while the poor player blushes with embarrassment. Every one sees the point, but the poor bass viol man can't help wishing it was true. Still, he takes the rose given him by the prima donna from one of her bouquets with evident content.

Who can blame him? He gets two dollars extra a night besides.—New York Herald.

The English and French Oration.

With us hearing orations is a serious, dreary business; to the Frenchman it is an artistic pleasure and a holiday function, even though it be at the graveside or in the throes of a revolution. Fine language, whether in a speech or book, he welcomes as an æsthetic luxury and emotional stimulant, the fineness being of course proportioned to his degree of cultivation, for academicians have been found to own that some phrases, highly effective in their day, are only vulgar fustian. He views the eloquence of the rostrum much as we do that of the stage—as a professional art, whereof he is a sharp and enthusiastic critic. Truth, cold veracity, naked fact, prosaic reason are not what he seeks, but inspiring themes clothed in grand words.—London Academy.

Anything to Oblige.

A young married Frenchman was at a picture dealer's. He had pretty well made up his mind to purchase a certain canvas, which was marked up 6,500 francs. "Can't you make it 6,000?" said he to the dealer. "If I buy the picture I have to send a telegram to my wife informing her of the fact, and 6,000 would be two words less, you know." "Can't make any reduction, sir, on 6,500," said the dealer, "but I'll make it the even 7,000, just to meet your wishes."—London Figaro.

Evaporation of Boilers.

In calculating the evaporative capacity of boilers it is usual to reckon it at so many pounds per square foot of heating surface. But this method is not sufficiently accurate to determine the maximum evaporation at any given point, since evaporation is not and cannot be uniform throughout a boiler.—Exchange.

The Value of Science.

Science is a first rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber if he has common sense on the ground floor. But if a man hasn't plenty of good, common sense, the more science he has the worse for the patient.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Purifying Water.

Dr. Daremberg, writing concerning the means of rendering a cholera infected water innocuous, says that this end may be accomplished in one of three ways—viz., by filtering, by boiling or by the addition of some chemical substance which will destroy the germs of the disease. The first of these methods is as a rule ineffective, and can be relied on only when every detail is most scrupulously attended to. The second is effective, but troublesome, and cannot always be carried out, fire and a suitable vessel for boiling being indispensable. The third method is one which, he says, is equally effective as boiling, and which can be carried out anywhere and at any time.

The purification of water has been effected through the addition of alum, but the author prefers the acidulation of the water, especially in the case of possible cholera infection. Citric acid may be added to the water in the proportion of sixty to eighty centigrams to the liter. This method is inexpensive, does not impart any unpleasant taste or odor to the water, and can be done anywhere without the need of cumbersome or delicate apparatus. In place of citric acid, tartaric or hydrochloric acid may be used if desired.—New York Medical Record.

O Turn My Pi!

Our curate, who lived five miles away, rode over for our dreary service on the Sunday, dined, and we saw him no more during the week. He was much occupied in the pursuit of the fox, which, it is charitable to suppose, he mistook for a wolf, and, like a good shepherd, was anxious to destroy.

The service was literally a duet between the parson and the clerk, except when old John Manners, the bricklayer, gave the keynote for the hymn from his bassoon, a sound which might have been uttered by an elephant in distress, and we sang:

O turn my pi—O turn my pi—O turn my pious soul to Thee.

Or when the curate suddenly emerged from his surplice, which he placed on the side of his reading pew, and appearing in his academic gown went up the three decker to preach. The altar was represented by a small rickety deal table, with a scanty covering of faded and patched green baize, on which were placed the overcoat, hat and riding whip of the officiating minister, etc.—"Memoirs of Dean Hale."

John Plankinton's Ovation.

A noble type of the man who knows how to do good with his money was John Plankinton, of Milwaukee. Mr. Plankinton's charitable deeds began in early life, from the very generosity of his nature, and were continued uninterruptedly. What he has done is best attested by the fellow citizens of the great pork packer who had shared his public munificence and were thoroughly cognizant of his many private charities. In illustration of the esteem and love in which he was held it is related that when President Cleveland visited Milwaukee in 1887, the applause which greeted him as his carriage drove along the streets was as nothing to the ovation given John Plankinton, who rode in the procession.

When, a year or two later, Mr. Plankinton's body was borne to the cemetery, all the houses along the line of the funeral march were draped in mourning and expressions of personal sorrow were heard on every hand. It was a tribute to a rich man who spent his money wisely and who knew what was beautiful in a life that is worth living.—New York World.

Where Allspice Grows.

The Island of Jamaica produces about all the allspice that is used. It is known also as pimento, or Jamaica pepper. The tree on which the berries grow is evergreen, and the flowers grow in dense clusters. These develop into small green aromatic berries, the size of black pepper. If allowed to ripen they become pulpy and lose some of their pungency. For commercial purposes the berries are gathered when green, carefully dried in the sun, and afterward packed in bags holding 160 to 180 pounds and shipped. Pimento trees grow in many parts of tropical America, but nowhere do they thrive as in Jamaica. The trees are never planted by man and receive no cultivation worthy of the name. The seeds are dropped by the birds, and the rains and the tropical sun do the rest. Surplus trees are cut down and become walking sticks and umbrella handles. This spice is more mild and innocent than most other spices.—Baker's Helper.

In the Visitors' Book.

A gentleman who has just returned from England has scribbled in his notebook some of the things which he found in an inn album in Devonshire, at a country inn where he was detained over a stormy day.

His best extract is the comment upon a misspelled word.

"I can fully recomend this inn," one traveler wrote, with more kindliness than orthography. Under this a later comer had written:

How can you "fully recommend" it
Unless another "m" you lend it?
Shorn of this letter, you must see,
The word a thousand fold must be
Short of its full identity!
—Youth's Companion.

Washington's Philanthropist.

William W. Corcoran made millions of dollars in the banking business, and he gave away millions, as every schoolboy knows. What he has done for the city of Washington and its vicinity is shown in the beautiful art gallery, the Louise home and other substantial structures. What his private charities have been can be learned from thousands of people he has relieved and assisted.—New York World.

The Safest Place in a Storm.

The safest place in a thunderstorm is said to be under a small tree or building or the open space, the signal of danger being the loud, reverberating thunder claps, which indicate that the lightning is not far off, and that the next bolt is liable to strike somewhere in the neighborhood.—Baltimore Herald.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

52 Dillwyn St. Phila. Pa.

I have taken a great deal of medicine in my life but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier on the world.
E. Walz

CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You.

Society Directory.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 406 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 406 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div No 1—J J Adamson, Pres, 352 W Fourteenth-st; R P O'Grady, V P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 Ashland-av; Christopher McLaugalin, Fin Sec; Jere'h O'Brien, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2 p m, at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ava.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G McGuire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 43d st; T McInerney, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div 7—Wm Sullivan, Pres, 130 Lytle-st; Patrick Carmody, V P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 3442 Marshfield-av; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth-st, 2d Sunday of month at 7:30.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4722 Bishop-st; James Small, V P; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 406 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2856 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; F J Conroy, Rec Sec, 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Hern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre-av; J McGeohegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Molloy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3812 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3736 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6935 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th-st.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 599 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 97 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3320 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3395 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

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Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5745 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas. Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

Stonewall Jackson's Horse.

Among the stores captured at Harper's Ferry, writes Mrs. Jackson in her "Life of Stonewall Jackson," not the least valuable was a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, bound for Washington, and loaded with horses for the government. This was a lawful prize and was at once turned over to the Confederate army, with the exception of two horses which General Jackson purchased, Thinking that hostilities would soon be over, he selected the smaller of the two—a pretty sorrel—as a present for his wife.

General Jackson had several other horses, but preferred the little sorrel to them all, finding his gait, as he expressed it, "as easy as the rocking of a cradle." He rode this horse in nearly every battle in which he was engaged.

Fancy, as the sorrel was named, seemed almost indefatigable. One reason perhaps was that he always lay down when the command halted for a rest. His master made a pet of him, and often fed him with apples from his own hand.

After being lost for a time upon the fall of General Jackson at Chancellorsville, the horse was found by a Confederate soldier and kindly sent to the Jackson family in North Carolina. He lived many years in Lincoln county, on the farm of Dr. Morrison, father-in-law of the general.

One of the young Morrisons used to say that Old Fancy, as he was always called on the farm, "had more sense than any horse he ever saw."

He could make as good use of his mouth in lifting latches and letting down bars as a man could with his hands. One of his habits was to let himself out of his stable, and then go deliberately to the doors of all the other horses and mules, liberate each in turn, and then march off to the grain fields with them all behind him—like a soldier leading his command.

But he was such a pet that his misdemeanors passed for cleverness. He was often taken to county fairs, where he was an object of as much interest as one of the old heroes of the war.

He was more than thirty years of age when he died, in 1886, at the Soldiers' home in Richmond. A stuffed effigy of this old warhorse may still be seen in a glass case in the library of the home.

A Woman's True Beauty.

The line in woman from the armpit to the ankle is the one of principal beauty in the sculpture that has been extolled by nine generations of the most intellectually cultivated of our race through the varying conditions of 300 years. It is this line that is pushed inward by mechanical force till an ugly angle is produced at the hips. So wide is the departure from true beauty that it is assumed that the distortion is natural, and that the normal use of the hideous hollow is to support weight.

The outline of the front of a woman's body is also composed of similar gentle outward curves, not one inward curve from the chin over the breastbone and below. Never a corset was made that did not destroy the beauty of this line, making a depression below the bust, exaggerating its proper size and most repulsively enlarging the natural outward curve of the abdomen.

A slight sketch by an artist would show at once that the modest curves of the typical womanly form are distinctly unlike the more spirited lines of a man—one suggesting retiring beauty, the other aggressiveness and bravery.

We consider the finest development for a woman that which best illustrates her typical qualities. We consider the best dress for a woman that which fails to obscure her distinctive physical features. In pictures of past costumes faithfully represented by artists we find those lines most picturesque which tend to enhance these suffering characteristics.—Philadelphia Times.

Saving Lots of Trouble.

Jack was observed by his mother busily hitting himself in the back with the fist of his hand, and his mother surprised at what he was doing.

"Why, Jack, what are you up to?"

"I'm savin' you the trouble, mamma," he replied. "I've been naughty, and I'm spanking myself."—Exchange.

THE GAELIC CLASS.

Since last report seventeen new members have joined the school, fourteen of whom are recruits from the ranks of the Gaelic Athletic Association. These young men could not see the propriety of calling themselves Gaelic athletes while ignorant of the Gaelic tongue, and have wisely concluded to learn the language of the Gaels as well as their out-door exercises. More will follow and as the inclemency of the weather forbids their appearance on the field they will fill our capacious school-rooms during the remainder of the winter, and we promise them they can read and speak Irish very well by next May day. As there is no charge for hall rent or tuition we should have 500 gentlemen and 100 ladies now at our school, as such another opportunity to learn the language of their ancestors may never present itself again. The advanced class is far out in Joyce's Grammar; and the junior classes have already passed into the third book. Those who are competing for the gold medal to be awarded to the best reader and translator of Emmet's immortal speech, are also progressing favorably, and it is desired to have a few more good readers to enter that class, as some copies of the great speech are still on hand. Mr. Raleigh is now teaching a class of twenty-eight young ladies to sing "The Bells of Shandon" in Irish, to be rendered at an entertainment he is to give at No. 75 Randolph street when arrangements are completed.

The class meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in City Clerk VanCleve's office, City Hall. MAURICE CREAN, Secy.

IN CASE OF DIPHTHERIA.

First, strips of linen or cotton fabric, about eight inches wide, folded several times, and long enough to reach from ear to ear, should be wrung out of ice water (if in winter), and if in summer put directly upon ice, and then applied externally to the throat, and as fast as one cloth gets warm another should be ready to take its place, writes C. G. B. Klophel, M.D., in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*. If the child complains of being cold, its feet and hands should be bathed in as hot water as it can stand. When the child is very young, it may be readily ascertained if it be cold or not by feeling its hands or head. Under no circumstances should hot applications be made to the throat. If the child is old enough, it may be given broken ice to suck constantly, even if the water is spit out. The cold applications inhibit the growth of the microbes. The patient's hands should be washed frequently—and here let me say so should those of the attendants—and the vessel used for the purpose should not be used by any one else. The patient's clothing needs protection in front. This may be done by pinning back of the neck a large piece of linen or cotton fabric, which will cover the whole front of the child and reach as far as the knees. A material should be used which can easily be boiled or burned when soiled. The little patient, if old enough, will want to spit, and for a spittoon a small wooden box, with an inch of sawdust on the bottom, is capital. Fresh sawdust should be applied at least once a day—three times a day would be better—and that which has been used should be emptied upon a good, hot fire, and thus burned at the time the change is made. If there are any flies about, the box should be kept covered, and, as a matter of course, only uncovered when the patient desires to spit; otherwise, the flies alighting upon this spittle would carry the germs of the disease with them, and then alighting upon the family's food and drink, necessarily infect them, and thus indirectly infect the whole family. This is by no means chimerical, but a well established fact.

The abbey ruin, Athenry, is at present undergoing repairs, under the supervision of Sir Thomas Deane, architect to Committee for the Preservation of Irish Monuments. The work commenced week before last. A sum of £1,000 is to be expended on it. Knockmoy Abbey is also to be soon given over to the committee. The present proprietor will not stand in the way of that fine historic old ruin being preserved to posterity.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these States a center of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the States, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

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